CHE GUEVARA JOSE YGLESIAS

THE NATION

NOVEMBER 6, 1967 35 cents

Upsala College Library
East Orange, N. J.

Bastille Day on the Potomac

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

THE CONQUEST OF HISTORY

AMERICA'S LONG DREAM IN ASIA
WALTER LaFEBER

THE MYTH OF CHINESE AGGRESSION
OLIVER M. LEE

The Writers of Prague — JOSEF SKVORECKY
vetlana: Who Needs Her? — ALEXANDER WERTH

12-17-68R CL9-643
UPSALA COLLEGE LIBRARY
EAST ORANGE
NEW JERSEY 07019

SPAPER NEWSPAPE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

the infallibility of Eustace Tilley

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: The Sept. 23 issue of *The New Yorker*, a mass-circulation journal intended to speak for and to "liberals," carried a story by Renata Adler on the Chicago Convention on New Politics. The story referred to me as one of those who, speaking in the plenary session of the convention, argued that the black caucus' Thirteen Points should be endorsed by the convention, "without modification of any kind, regardless of the substance of the individual proposals, in a spirit of interracial unity." It said further: "That this implied a paternalistic white racism that would startle a South African plantation owner seemed not to enter the minds of these speakers."

As referring to me, these statements were false. Despite considerable effort, I was not able to get the floor to speak in the plenary session at which the Thirteen Points were passed; had I been able to speak, I would have opposed the resolution adopting the Thirteen Points and moved a substitute resolution which I had written and circulated to a number of persons and delegations. I spent hours the night and morning before the plenary session organizing opposition to flat adoption of the Thirteen Points; I voted No when the resolution came to a vote; and when I did get the floor one day later I publicly referred to the acceptance of the Thirteen Points as an act of self-castration by the white liberals present who were seeking, by this ill-conceived operation, to become radicals.

On Sept. 26, I wrote William Shawn, the editor of *The New Yorker*, to explain these facts. I also explained that it was my view in Chicago (and is now) that the black caucus was entitled to adopt any resolutions it chose, as an equal "wing" of the convention—but not to impose its resolutions on the white wing; that the white wing ought in a parallel resolution to set forth its own analysis of America, its own demands for change and its own determination to organize for those demands; and that white radicals ought neither to patronize blacks by adopting resolutions they themselves would never try to organize support for, nor to betray themselves morally and politically by adopting resolutions they did not believe in. If the black caucus had rejected this position, I was quite prepared to welcome in a spirit of fraternity their creation of a separate black New Politics organization, rather than to insist on a false and meaningless "interracial unity." All of this I said publicly, to many people, at the convention. I never said anything else.

I further pointed out to Mr. Shawn that these facts were known to the Associated Press, which put a brief statement on them on its ticker, and to reporters for *Newsweek* (Sept. 18, p. 40), *The Village Voice* (Sept. 21, p. 34), and *The New York Times Magazine* (Sept. 24, p. 124). A few days later I added *Commonweal* (Sept. 29, p. 609) to the list.

For these reasons, I demanded that *The New Yorker* print a brief letter from me stating what I had actually argued and done at the convention. I cited moral as well as possible financial damage done to me, and appealed to the honor of *The New Yorker* in its obligation to me and to its readers.

I saw Mr. Shawn on Oct. 2, and talked with him by telephone a number of times during the succeeding few weeks. His position throughout was firmly opposed to printing my letter. He gave the following reasons: Miss Adler feared that printing my letter would confuse, rather than enlighten, the readers; she and he believed that my "bicameral" solution would have been just as racist as a simple acceptance of the Thirteen Points, and therefore the suggestion that I was racist remained true; Miss Adler had not heard any mention at the convention of my proposed "bicameral" resolution,

(Continued on page 467)

EDITORIALS

The List Grows

The Nation had occasion to point out some weeks ago that Sen. Thruston Morton had blazed a way to the truth on Vietnam by a three-word formula as simple as it was honest: "I was wrong." Amid the devious ways of politics, such candor is refreshing. It is also economical: argument and recrimination are avoided.

Senator Morton's example of admitting error in the briefest possible compass is catching on in the Congress and elsewhere. Sen. Robert Kennedy has been critical of our entanglement in Vietnam longer than Senator Morton, but never so bluntly as in his reply to a questioner at a business executives' lunch: "Looking back on those years (1961-1963) when I had some share of the responsibility [for Vietnam policy] there is no question I was wrong." Another recruit is Rep. Morris Udall of Arizona, the brother of the Secretary of the Interior and an emergent figure in his own right. We are on "a mistaken and dangerous road" in Vietnam, he now says, and he himself made a "mistake" in supporting Administration policy. Udall said he is not breaking with Mr. Johnson, either as President or as leader of the Democratic Party, but those Democrats who remain loyal to a losing cause can take scant comfort from his contention that a Republican might be elected President next year if he presented an option leading to American withdrawal from Vietnam. Kennedy and Udall are joined by Sen. Albert Gore, a member of the Foreign Relations Committee, who says we have stumbled into a morass in Vietnam and proposes that we negotiate ourselves out of it by consenting to the neutralization of Southeast Asia, including Vietnam.

An especially striking defection is that of Sen. Stuart Symington, for long a hawk among hawks. In the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (October 22) Richard Dudman calls the evolution of Symington's views "remarkable or even amazing." Mr. Symington is not nearly as summary in his change of position as was Mr. Morton, but his proposal is radical enough: cessation of all military activity in both North and South Vietnam and of reinforcement of troops already there, in an effort to get peace talks started. If the enemy did not comply, the United States could resume the war "in any manner of its own choosing." Asked if he meant use of nuclear weapons, Symington said that would be unthinkable. The implied threat of all-out war if Hanoi did not agree to negotiate almost guarantees a rejection. Some observers have thought that Symington was proposing a pause in order to bring more force to bear subsequently, but Dudman, on the basis of a long interview, concludes that the Senator wants to get the United States out of Vietnam, not into a wider war. A factor that weighs on Symington is the casualty list. Eighteen months ago he and his wife began to write a personal letter to the family of each Missourian killed in Vietnam. The 429th letter has just gone out.

The Democratic Party is falling into increasing disarray as the war drags on. The morale of Midwest Democrats could hardly be worse, and rebellion is brewing in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

several areas. In Michigan the retiring state chairman has volunteered to head any dump-Johnson movement, Minnesota Democrats are seeking a rival slate, and the influential Roman Catholic *Review* of St. Louis is supporting General Gavin's views. In New York, in a significant switch, the state NAACP has come out against the war. In a video vote on WABC, the New York City outlet of the A.B.C. network, 60 per cent of those who telephoned their views were opposed to Johnson's re-election. The following week (October 20), the question was whether we should get out of Vietnam. The replies exceeded 5,000, the largest so far in this poll. The yes answers were 55 per cent of the total.

As long as they were running in his favor, Mr. Johnson set great store by the polls. Now he seems to be deaf and blind, or unable to believe the figures. In November, 1966, on the basis of the polls, we were consoling ourselves and other peaceniks with an estimate of 20 million on our side. Gallup now sets the anti-war total at 46 million, indicating a precipitate drop in support for the Johnson course. Yet the President and, even more fervently, Hubert Humphrey, continue to defend the indefensible. How could two such consummate politicians get themselves into such a cul-de-sac? The British anarchist weekly, *Freedom*, asks, "Is Johnson a prisoner of war?" It is a sharp question.

First Step in a Long Journey

The verdicts returned in the conspiracy trial in Mississippi are significant—as an omen. In an editorial of December 21, 1964, "Out in the Open," we said that the first attempts to inaugurate the rule of law in Mississippi would not succeed, but that persistence in the effort would eventually begin to pay off. That beginning has now been made. There has been ample cause for impatience, and rejoicing must be tempered by the lives that have been sacrificed and the ordeals that still lie ahead. Those who murdered the civil rights workers were not convicted of murder; some who may have been involved will never be punished at all; others involved in other conspiracies will never even be tried. But what counts is that one group of conspirators were finally brought to the bar, were fairly tried, and some were convicted in a jurisdiction in which even a few years ago lynching was an accepted prerogative of the segregationists. The verdict signals the advent of a new day: as Dr. King said, "a first step in a thousand-mile journey toward the goal of equal treatment."

Put it down to the unremitting efforts of John Doar, Assistant U.S. Attorney General in charge of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division; a fine jury foreman, Langdon Smith Johnson, and an all-white jury which nevertheless did not lack a conscience. The jurors had a predominantly working-class background, representing the ordinary population of the southern half of Mississippi and differing only in that its members were subjected to a recital of evidence which left them no choice but to condone and perpetuate lawlessness or strike it down where the evidence was conclusive.

The changed attitude of Judge Harold Cox is especially

IN THIS ISSUE

November 6, 1967

EDITORIALS

450

ARTICLES

454 Bastille Day on the Potomac — *Robert G. Sherrill*

The Conquest of History

456 America's Long Dream in Asia — *Walter LaFeber*

459 The Myth of Chinese Aggression — *Oliver M. Lee*

463 Che Guevara: "The Best Way To Die" — *Jose Yglesias*

465 San Jose: The Bullhorn Message — *James Brann*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

468 The Aesthetics of Profit — *Peter Clecak*

469 Svetlana: Who Needs Her? — *Alexander Werth*

470 Letter from Prague — *Josef Skvorecky*

473 Mystical Candor — *Hayden Carruth*

474 The Depression Made Lively — *Robert Wohlforth*

476 Theatre — *Harold Clurman*

477 Television — *John Horn*

479 Crossword Puzzle — *Frank W. Lewis*

Publisher
JAMES J. STORROW JR.

Associate Publisher
GIFFORD PHILLIPS

Editor
CAREY McWILLIAMS

Associate Editor
PHIL KERBY

Executive Editor
ROBERT HATCH

Literary Editor
HELEN YGLESIAS

Copy Editor, MARION HESS; Poetry Editor, MICHAEL GOLDMAN; Theatre, HAROLD CLURMAN; Art, MAX KOZLOFF; Music, BENJAMIN BORETZ; Science, CARL DREHER; Advertising Manager, MARY SIMON.

Washington, ROBERT G. SHERRILL; Paris, ALEXANDER WERTH; London, RAYMOND WILLIAMS; Bonn, C. AMERY; Canberra, C. P. FITZGERALD; United Nations, ANNE TUCKERMAN.

The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1967 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel.: CH 2-3400. West Coast office: 1256 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel.: GR 4-2533. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Foreign and Canadian postage: $1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 205
No. 15

Combined with **FRONTIER**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

revealing. Judge Cox was the nominee of Senator Eastland, and it was widely reported that, in the manner of Mississippi segregationists, he referred to Negroes as "Niggers," "monkeys," etc. Yet he not only found it possible to charge the jury fairly and to keep it locked up when the members despaired of agreement, but when he heard of threats to dynamite the courthouse he subjected two of the defendants to a tongue-lashing that will not soon be forgotten in the back country. Without sympathizers and supporters among the gentry, the rednecks of the South cannot maintain their rule, long undisputed and for the first time successfully challenged. They are too stupid and brutal to hold the allegiance of any Southerner who believes in the rule of law, and condemns anarchy in the special form that has been sanctioned in the South.

For Negroes, there has been no law in the South since Reconstruction failed. Nearly a century later, white supremacy in its most virulent form has been brought to justice. It was high time. The way is now open for more "conspiracy" indictments, and for equal justice for all in the administration of the laws. How soon that goal can be attained depends on the intensity of future efforts to make it possible for Negroes to register and vote, for law-abiding officers of the law to be elected, and for the people of states like Mississippi and Alabama to hold up their heads among their fellow citizens.

No Aid for Greece

"Against stupidity," Schiller said, "the gods themselves war in vain." In coping with Greek militarists, our State and Defense Departments are equally impotent. The junta wants our aid and our warmaking and diplomatic bureaucracies are inclined to give it, but every time a reconciliation seems set the junta pulls a boner. In two cases they went to war with Greek ladies who proved to be more than a match for them. First they withdrew the citizenship of Melina Mercouri, then—far from having learned a lesson—they tackled the publisher Helen Vlachos. Fascism of the Italian and German varieties was dynamic, that much (and nothing else) could be said for it. The Greek regime is not quite as oppressive, being less sure of itself, but it is as corrupt and maladroit as its big-time predecessors.

The members of the junta must be a sore trial to those members of Congress and the U.S. military establishment who would fain cooperate with them. A while back Mendel Rivers, who is getting increasingly rough treatment from the press, took to the floor of the House to praise the junta and propose that we continue our aid, which allegedly has saved Greece from communism. The accumulated cost to the United States is now about $4 billion, and instead of communism Greece now lives under a military dictatorship. Rivers was defending the loan of U.S. war vessels to Greece and countries similarly situated. Many citizens will be surprised to learn that they are paying for the loan to Greece of two U.S. destroyers and one submarine which, according to Rivers, are essential to the defense of the West.

Rep. Don Edwards of California, speaking in opposition, called for a debate on American policy toward Greece. In the Senate, Wayne Morse struck out with his usual force: "I very much regret that the Administration seems to have decided to resume our military support of this group of militarists just as soon as a façade of reasonableness is constructed in front of their iron-fisted rule. Let no one in this country, or in Greece, be fooled about why we send this aid. . . . It has nothing to do with democracy, nothing to do with freedom for the Greek people. . . . We do not stand for those things any more in Greece, as we do not stand for them in many parts of the world. The only object of our aid program in Greece is to keep a strong pro-American military government in power that will accede to whatever requests the Pentagon makes of it, especially with respect to NATO."

An interesting feature of current U.S.-Greece relations is the attitude of the Greek-American press. Out of sixteen such papers, 90 per cent are pro-junta, according to the Greek embassy. Is this from conviction? Or from tourist advertising? Or subsidies? Or pressure of the kind that is being applied to Greek residents in the United States and to Greek-Americans to "get in line"? A thorough investigation seems in order.

In the meantime, the stupidity of the junta handicaps those in Washington who would like to resume the military aid program, which has been suspended, for all practical purposes, since the coup last April. But it would be a mistake to continue to rely solely on the pratfalls of the upstart colonels. The aid program will be resumed as soon as the Administration thinks it can do so without raising an outcry. The tough-minded Mrs. Vlachos, in a message smuggled out of Greece, urges the world press to keep a spotlight focused on the junta and its doings. "Don't stop writing about Greece, don't stop asking why the Greek Government is not keeping its promises. . . . Don't believe for a moment that what the foreign press writes leaves the colonels cool and undisturbed. . . . So don't stop." A reasonable amount of attention consistently applied can probably postpone resumption of aid at least until the end of the year, and, with a gauche assist now and then from the junta, perhaps indefinitely.

Nose for Corruption

James K. Carr, Under Secretary of the U.S. Department of the Interior, and a Californian, said not long ago: "In a single generation, we have ruined the superb Mediterranean climate of Southern California (with air pollution). Some shore lines foam with detergent; fish and wild life are threatened, and scenic beauty is destroyed. Cities slobber over the countryside, spawning sleazy developments."

What is true in the metropolitan areas of California is equally true in other great population centers across the continent. With rare exceptions, a chief accessory to this crime is the local press, which, when not spurring ruthless exploitation, remains silent as its own community falls victim to unplanned, uncontrolled, rampant commercialism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seven years ago, when Otis Chandler became publisher, the *Los Angeles Times* awoke to the world overseas (the *Times* then had one foreign correspondent; it now has fourteen foreign bureaus). This year the *Times* is discovering its own back yard. Last spring, the paper exposed the close business connections between members of the City Planning Commission and the Zoning Board of Adjustment and real estate developers (see "The Expediters," *The Nation,* June 12). Now the *Times* has uncovered a similarly squalid situation involving another city board: (1) The City Harbor Commission awarded—without competitive bids—a $12 million building contract to a Los Angeles developer; (2) the developer bought 19,610 shares of stock in a savings and loan firm headed by the president of the Harbor commission; (3) the developer put up the collateral for a $26,000 bank loan obtained by another commissioner; (4) two other commissioners became involved in a business venture with one of the principals of a corporation formed by the developer to build the $12 million dollar project, dubbed a "World Trade Center."

Because of these revelations, the Los Angeles district attorney is starting an investigation. It would be more important, in the long run, if the example of the *Times* inspired other newspapers to perform a function that is, or should be, peculiarly theirs: the defense of their own communities from the freebooters.

The Czech Writers

The Fourth Writers Congress in Prague on June 27-29 set off a chain reaction which is still reverberating in the Western press. There was, as we pointed out (see article by Carey McWilliams, August 28, p. 138), some uninhibited speaking at this congress. A short time later, the editors of *Literarni noviny* decided to publish no further reviews of Czech films because of attempted censorship by party spokesmen. Then, on September 3, the *Sunday Times* of London carried what purported to be a manifesto supposedly signed by 329 Czech writers. Although this document was promptly denounced as a fake, it received world-wide attention and was headlined in a manner calculated to cause Czech writers as much trouble as possible.

As part of its thoroughly responsible struggle to secure a larger measure of freedom of expression, *Literarni noviny* carried a tribute to Dr. Thomas Masaryk on the anniversary of his death (September 14). Since Masaryk's name is seldom mentioned in the Czech press, publication of this tribute was no doubt designed to test official reflexes. The reaction was not long in coming. On September 28, *Literarni noviny* was placed under the control of the Ministry of Education and Culture and three of its editors, Ludvik Vaculík, Ivan Klima and Antonin Liehm, were expelled from the party.

The party's concern had no doubt been heightened by the circumstance that many writers sympathized with Israel at the time of the Arab-Israeli crisis; the citizenship of the novelist, Ladislav Mnacko, was revoked because of his strong pro-Israel stand. Noting such actions, a section of the Western press, always eager to increase East-West tensions, has tried to make it appear that the Czechs are anti-Semitic. The truth is quite different; the regime, pushing an unpopular foreign policy, resorted to tactics that savored of anti-Semitism precisely because the populace harbors no such feelings. The sensational news treatment of the death in Prague of Charles Jordan, vice president of the Joint Distribution Committee, also contributed to the spurious impression of bigotry.

Czech writers have their problems but they are not helped by mischievous misinterpretations of what it is that they are trying to achieve. Fortunately, some excellent reporting out of Prague by Richard Eder of *The New York Times* and Bernard Gwertzman of the Washington *Star* has placed the issue in proper perspective. Czech writers want a larger measure of freedom and they are determined to get it. But they are not in "revolt." As Gwertzman puts it: "There are no voices seeking another Hungary. Czechs simply do not take to arms and times are not that bad. Broadly speaking, the people can live with socialism but have no great love for the party's efforts at hegemony."

Part of the difficulty arises from the fact that top party people are older, less well educated and much narrower in outlook and experience than the intellectuals. The point of the writers' protest, as Vaculík made clear in an interview with Richard Eder (*New York Times,* September 20), is that freedom as a concession is not enough; they want it as a right. But the final statement of the Fourth Congress, recently published in translation in *Les Lettres Françaises,* is, as the *Times Literary Supplement* points out, "civilized and judicious." It takes the position that the revolution has for too long concentrated on the achievement of material progress; now the balance must be redressed, since culture alone is competent to arrest the alienating effects of technology. Czech writers are to be applauded for their courageous stand. Specifically, they are to be commended for the political maturity which is reflected in their actions and statements. But their efforts are not helped by extravagant headlines (see, "The Revolt of the Czechoslovak Intellectuals," *East Europe*—published by Free Europe—for September) or fake manifestoes published in the Western press. A tangible and practical way to help Czech writers would be to start reading their publications, which are not nearly as well known in this country as they deserve to be (see essay p. 470).

Reagan on Police Brutality

If there was ever much doubt about how California Governor Ronald Reagan stands on such questions as police brutality, freedom of speech and the right of newsmen to get at the facts, it was dispelled when Oakland police attacked, not only an assembly of anti draft protesters but also the newsmen covering the demonstration.

One of these journalists, Ralph Mayher, a cameraman for A.B.C.-TV, was knocked down, kicked and beaten by police. "They're trying to kill me," he shouted as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his helmet was torn from his head. Gordon Peters, cameraman for the *San Francisco Chronicle,* was shot in the face with mace (a liquid tear gas). Jerry Jensen, KRON-TV newscaster, was squirted in both eyes "by a cop who knew damn well I wasn't a demonstrator."

Paul Gorman, a photographer for UPI, was knocked to the sidewalk by billy-club swinging policemen. "I was on the ground and they hit me several times with night sticks. They also kicked me in the head. I kept hollering I was with the press, but they didn't listen."

Doug Eaton, a reporter for the Oakland *Tribune,* was hit across the bridge of his nose by a night stick, and his glasses were shattered. Another *Tribune* reporter, Dick Spencer, was knocked to his knees. Two AP cameramen, Ernest Bennett and Robert Klein, were reported beaten by the police. Veteran *Los Angeles Times* reporter Frank Q. Brown was squirted with mace.

Don Brice, news director of KPIX-TV and president of the News Directors Association, protested as follows: "These attacks were not only unprovoked but it appeared to reporters on the scene that some members of the Oakland Police Department were deliberately selecting news people as targets for this treatment." Al Bodi, editor of the Palo Alto *Times,* filed similar protests on behalf of Sigma Delta Chi, national journalism fraternity. The newscaster on San Francisco television station KPIX reported that "wildly swinging policemen beat heads indiscriminately."

Said Ronald Reagan in an official statement: "The work of the Oakland Police Department . . . was in the finest tradition of California's law enforcement agencies. The officers displayed exceptional ability and great professional skill. Their quick action is a tribute to the high caliber of training they have received."

BASTILLE DAY ON THE POTOMAC

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

The great thing about the peace march on Washington was that it was such a rough-hewn, disjointed, unpretentious affair. Even the hippies, of whom there were several thousand, seemed for their genre to be rather middle class and ordinary. The men who were supposedly leading the march never could agree on its purpose—just to demonstrate anger, or to disrupt?—and consequently the march had only limited success as either a statement or a disruption. If the pre-march speeches at the Lincoln Memorial lacked the inspiration of those delivered at the same spot for the great civil rights march of 1963, they also lacked the pomposity of that previous occasion. Martin Luther King and other top-name Negroes—except Dick Gregory, who is so witty he flies above all color lines—were curiously absent (some had "previous engagements," some were "ill") and of the 100,000 or so demonstrators, not more than a few dozen in the ranks were black. That may have been regrettable, but it added to the ordinariness of the march—making it as unintegrated as America.

And it was undoubtedly this disorganized ordinariness that frightened official Washington so much. Obviously, the angry rabble had discovered that it takes no big names in front, no spit and drill, no long planning, no sanctioning by the more accepted organizations of dissent to carry off a very impressive march on the bastille. Two months ago plans for this march had all but died; and then, as from some miraculous resuscitation, many thousands had converged on Washington, most of them allied with no organization, and were marching across the Memorial Bridge and moving cheerfully against the troops hidden inside the Pentagon, or waiting in ranks outside the massive gray building, on the hill overlooking the Potomac. Not even the march's leaders had known what to expect. Neither did Washington's very nervous officials. There were reportedly 2,000 troops in and around the Pentagon (plus 400 U.S. marshals and other government officers), 6,000 troops ready to move at nearby military bases, and 20,000 alerted up and down the East Coast. The streets beside the White House and the Executive Office Building were sealed off, a heavy waist-high wire was strung along both sides of Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House, pedestrians could not use the White House side of the street, and heavy detachments of police patrolled every block in that area and around the Capitol and Congressional office buildings. Only a few hours before the protesters went into action, President Johnson signed legislation rushed through Congress that could send an unauthorized Capitol Hill picketer to jail for six months.

The mood at the Lincoln Memorial speech making was outraged gentility, with Dr. Benjamin Spock declaring that "President Johnson is the enemy"; but when the siege began at the Pentagon, the mood changed swiftly to a raucous irreverence. "If I were elected President," Dick Gregory told a crowd in the Pentagon parking lot, "I'd send Lyndon Johnson to Vietnam after I brought the troops home."

But the strange thing about the confrontation, at least at first, of the troops and the protesters at the Pentagon was that there seemed almost to be a rapport, partly contrived but also partly natural. The troops who met the marchers and turned them away were sometimes cursed, but more often they were merely lectured as flower children might lecture a nosy cop in DuPont Circle. One boy stuck chrysanthemums in the muzzles of the rifles confronting him; late in the day, a soldier was seen tossing a package of cigarettes into the sprawl of sit-inners he was guarding. More significant than these random, amiable acts, however, was the fact that the protesters, although

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they made repeated forays with their identifying banners onto forbidden territory (one participant said it reminded him of the schoolboy game, Capture the Flag), never seriously contested or baited the troops physically—except for the one occasion when half a dozen protesters outflanked the main cluster of soldiers, raced through an unguarded Pentagon door, and made their coup, before being tossed out. A handful of stones, a couple of bottles, a few pieces of heavy cardboard were tossed at the soldiers during the day—but considering the size of the crowd, at peak emotion, acting over a period of several hours, these peaceniks were really peaceful.

And by day, so were the troops. At dusk, they shot a couple of canisters of tear gas into the protesters' ranks; and after dark they used their boots and rifle butts more freely than they had during the day.

The true savagery was committed by the U.S. marshals. Just as the troops were obviously under orders to strike only as they were pressed, the marshals were apparently under orders to inflict extra pain at every opportunity. On one occasion, when the troops through a stupid maneuver had backed themselves into a corner at the foot of the stairway leading up to the mall entrance of the Pentagon, the soldiers and a couple of protesters began to scuffle. The marshals leaped in. One protester was clubbed to the ground. Fair enough. But then the marshals struck him eight more times across the spine, bringing down their clubs so hard that the beating could be heard 10 yards away, even above the shouts of the crowd.

On the occasion of the actual penetration of the Pentagon, there was rough stuff on both sides, but the only brutalities were committed by the marshals. When the protesters raced for the Pentagon entrance, *The Nation*'s reporter was in the van, not fast enough to get into the building with the six who made it, but in time to reach the doorway just as the bodies came hurtling back through, borne on a wave of soldiers. In the midst of this, he observed, one of the protesters was knocked down and lay imprisoned among the legs of the soldiers. A marshal seized this opportunity to start beating the helpless young man with all his might, and the beating continued for so long and seemed of such homicidal intent that the several newsmen caught in the crush began screaming at the marshal to quit. Finally the soldiers stopped him. *The Nation*'s reporter saw the marshals beating demonstrators on five occasions; four of these beatings were administered when the demonstrators were either on the ground or helpless.

The other regrettable aspect of the peace march was the Washington press's inability or unwillingness to expand its understanding and tolerance of the diverse elements that make up the dissent movement. From local experience, *The Washington Post* is accustomed to dealing with disadvantaged Negroes, politicians or Beautiful People. Since the protesters obviously fell into none of these categories, the *Post* concluded that they must all be zany characters and hippies. On the day before the march, about 500 professors, clergymen, writers and other professional types—united under the group title "Conscientious Resistance"—met in Washington to pledge their support of young men who refused to serve in the armed forces. They held a rally outside the Justice Building. At least 450 of the 500 persons at the rally were dressed in suits and ties and had orthodox haircuts. But of the five close-up face shots run by the *Post* on its front page the next morning, only one (Yale chaplain William Sloane Coffin, Jr.) showed this side of the group; the other four pictures were of young men with explosive hair-dos, full beards or Fu Manchu mustaches.

After the march was over, the *Post*'s national editor, Laurence Stern, bemoaned the "ugliness" of it, and waved its importance aside with the judgment: "It is doubtful whether yesterday's protesters could account for more than a few small niches on a Gallup or Harris poll."

This, of course, may be true, which only raises the profound mystery of why *The Washington Post* assigned thirty-nine men and women to cover the march and the Pentagon siege, and the Washington *Star* assigned thirty-two staff members, when each of these newspapers assigns only one reporter regularly to cover the Pentagon's affairs on a day-to-day basis. If there is a moral to be found in the peace march, a moral that stretches over many affairs of the nation, perhaps it is in this ratio: that the two most important newspapers in Washington consider transient peaceniks thirty times more necessary to watch, and report on, and criticize than the war-making machine which consumes three-fourths of the federal budget and which drew the protesters together in anger for two days.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CONQUEST OF HISTORY

America's Long Dream In Asia

WALTER LaFEBER

Mr. LaFeber, professor of history at Cornell University, is the author of The New Empire *(Cornell University Press), and* America, Russia and the Cold War *(John Wiley).*

There are many ways to explain the catastrophe in Vietnam, and as George Romney has rather unwittingly observed, many of them have been offered to the American people. Perhaps the most dangerous and popular of these explanations has been to call Vietnam the end result of an "accidental" American empire or a policy of "drift," or to suggest that here is another case of "greatness thrust upon the United States," without Americans having sought it.

Such explanations are convenient. They preserve a cherished image of American innocence, greatly simplify the complexities of the Vietnamese involvement, and exonerate past Presidents and diplomats whose reputations we would rather misunderstand than question.

As explanations, however, they are also totally inaccurate, providing the most disastrous basis on which to plan policy. Secretary Rusk recently offered an example of the confusion. When challenged privately that American policies must work less successfully in Asia than in Europe where strong cultural, political and economic affinity exists, Rusk shot back that he did not buy "this master-race theory." In a phrase, he blurred 2,500 years of history, and also accused his critics of resembling Nazis. President Johnson demonstrated a more sophisticated misuse of the past when he appealed to the policies of Theodore Roosevelt as a reason for escalation in Southeast Asia. Unfortunately, the President or the "intellectuals" who help write his speeches apparently did not know that Roosevelt denounced American intervention in Asia within two years of leaving the White House.

But Administration critics also suffer from historical myopia. Diagnosing "the Great Society" as a "sick society," Senator Fulbright believed that "we are proving the strength of the American dream by resisting the dream of an imperial destiny." This assumption forced him to explain that Asian conquest "is being thrust upon us, not by history but by our policy makers in the Department of State and the Pentagon." As a conservative, Fulbright sincerely wishes to understand and invoke the past in order to return to what he likes to call "our traditional values." Such a return, however, could be dangerous because in practice "our traditional values" have not been what either Johnson or Fulbright assumes them to have been.

Uncovering these traditional values requires an analysis of the historical web which Americans have spun around themselves. That might begin by remembering that Americans have always thought of themselves as missionaries to the world. Hubert Humphrey's warning of April, 1966, that the United States alone upholds "the whole fabric of international law and order" is not a new idea in American annals. Only the present incredible power of the United States makes Humphrey's righteousness different from or more ominous than many similar announcements in the past. For a nation with a historic mission the U.S. has become painfully ignorant of that history.

This was not always the case. The founding fathers comprehended the past as well as their own ledger books (one reason why they so easily reconciled the two). James Madison helped persuade the citizens of New York and other states to vote for the new Constitution in 1787 with three long newspaper articles explaining why ancient confederations rose and fell. Madison's feat may be contrasted with the lead sentence of a special article in *Look* of May 30 on Vietnam: "The East is the new American West." The use of the word "new" not only reveals how far removed the opinion makers of the 20th century are from the historical knowledge held by those of the 18th but illustrates a primary reason for the disaster in Asia.

For the idea that East was West appeared early in American history—about the time of Christopher Columbus in fact—and has been a driving principle in that historical development ever since. Contrary to Senator Fulbright's hopes, Americans were planning for an "imperial destiny" as soon as they were free of the British restraints that had threatened to stunt that destiny. In perhaps the first 4th of July address in American history, Dr. David Ramsay, a South Carolinian who was also a gifted historian, remarked in 1778 that "We have laid the foundations of a new empire" which will not only "give happiness to a great continent" but will allow us to have "our turn to figure on the face of the earth, and in the annals of the world." Ramsay was confident, moreover, that "ever since the flood," empire and riches "have taken a slow and gradual course from east to west." Shortly thereafter, George Washington boasted of "our rising empire"; he devoted his life to insuring that Benjamin Franklin was correct in his observation to the Constitutional Convention that the sun was rising, not setting, on the American destiny. The era of the founding fathers is an appropriate place to begin a re-examination of the "accidental-empire" thesis.

Driven by the land hunger of farmers, the get-rich-quick schemes of speculators, and the cultural-religious ideology which made many businessmen missionaries (and vice versa), Americans exploded out of the thirteen original colonies to conquer a great continent. Washington officials provided all necessary governmental aid, whether for fighting in European wars (as in 1812 and the quasi-war with France in 1798-1800) or for inciting or encouraging revolutions in foreign-held Florida, Texas and California. With the continent won by the 1850s, Wash-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ington's "rising empire" had reached its first stage. Those who believe that this was accomplished in either innocence or absent-mindedness can find instruction in the private writings of Jefferson and Polk, or read the accounts of the French, Spanish, Mexicans, Russians and, of course, Indians, who were shot, bought, or pushed out of the way. The American empire was not immaculately conceived.

Control of the continent gave the United States access to the Pacific. The conquest had opened at last the fabled "passage to India"—and points northeast. When John Quincy Adams acquired the first American foothold on the Western coast in 1819, he considered it his greatest achievement—a not inconsiderable boast, since he is still considered to be our greatest Secretary of State. True to his mercantile and Puritan background, Adams fully realized how this vantage spot could lead to the fulfillment of America's supposed manifest destiny in Asia. In the 1850s, William Henry Seward of New York, a disciple of Adams and the leading Republican in Congress, called the Pacific "the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter." Seward set out as Senator and as Lincoln's Secretary of State to maintain by force an open door for American interests in China, and to blast open the markets (for both businessmen and missionaries) in Korea.

A leading historian of American Far Eastern policy, Tyler Dennett, observed in 1922 that the United States had never had to move beyond Seward's strategies and tactics in the Far East. That view remains tenable today, with one major addendum: as he negotiated the SEATO arrangements in 1954, John Foster Dulles observed that American objectives in the East had moved up a notch. Instead of an open-door-for-all policy, the United States, Dulles announced, had expanded the Monroe Doctrine to Asia. He was confident that this move slammed the door on any Communist-oriented entity hoping to compete in the area.

During the 1890 to 1910 period, the era which President Johnson has used as a reference point, Seward's policy accelerated—and then crashed. The acceleration occurred because of problems in American domestic society that were little short of traumatic.

Religious groups exemplified the dilemma. Confronted with apparently declining missionary opportunities in a rapidly settling American West, and challenged by a Darwinian-scientific upsurge that shook Protestantism to its foundations, missionaries sought escape in the traditional manner: move farther west—this time across the Pacific to Asia. The rallying cry of the leading missionary group, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation," neatly summarized the objective. Nor is that slogan unrelated to recent, more secular proclamations pledging an instant Great Society in the Mekong Delta. The evangelism of the 1890s did indeed prove fruitful, but not as planned. Despite Secretary Rusk's implications to the contrary, missionaries discovered that Asia was not like the West. But Chinese revolutionaries quickly learned how the foreign missionaries and businessmen hoped to transform China, and used them as scapegoats to intensify Chinese nationalism.

A second trauma of the 1890s occurred in the American business community. A twenty-five-year depression began in 1873, spawning what one Secretary of State called in late 1893, "symptoms of revolution" from Brooklyn to California. This crisis forced the business community to face a most unpleasant alternative: either radically reorient its ideology and economic structure, or restore maximum employment and production by waging economic and, if necessary, military war for the fabled and apparently bottomless markets of Asia.

Put another way, the question that starkly confronted Americans was whether they would reorganize their economy and attack the roots of the growing crises in the industrialized urban areas, or wage war against major world powers for control of the markets—and of secondary but related importance, the strategic points—of Asia. Both Democratic and Republican administrations between 1893 and 1910 chose the second alternative. To implement this crucial decision, the United States annexed the Philippines in order to possess strategic bases close to the Asian markets. This move quickly paid off: within two years of annexation, American ships and soldiers moved out of Manila to check Chinese nationalist attacks on American officials and interests on the mainland.

Of course, such a convenience demanded a price. Within weeks after annexing the Philippines, thousands of American troops became bogged down in crushing a revolutionary movement which wanted the Philippines governed only by Filipinos. We wanted no land, President William McKinley kept assuring the doubting revolutionaries, just defensive positions from which we could guarantee American interests in Asia. About 5,000 Filipinos died in the revolution. Within five years after the United States had restored order on the islands, President Theodore Roosevelt was lamenting in 1907 that their cost and exposed position made them the Achilles' heel of the burgeoning American empire.

Roosevelt nevertheless deepened the American commitment to empire in Asia. He updated the McKinley approach by moving directly onto the mainland and trying to protect Chinese-American trade from Chinese nationalism—and for American traders—in 1904 and 1905. Roosevelt next attempted—in 1908—to deny the rich Manchurian market and raw materials to the Russians and Japanese for the sake of American trade and oil interests. That policy failed. Russia and Japan cooperated to defeat American infiltration, and T. R.'s sending of the United States Navy to intimidate the Japanese had no effect on the Far Eastern power balance. (In 1958, *Time* called the sending of the fleet Roosevelt's greatest act because it demonstrated how to use credible deterrence. *Time* never investigated how the story turned out.)

After leaving office, Roosevelt candidly warned his picked successor, William Howard Taft, that U.S. policy in Asia rested on sand. Inasmuch as President Johnson has referred to Roosevelt's policies in the Pacific, T. R.'s letter of 1910 might be quoted in part:

> I do not believe in our taking any position anywhere unless we can make good; and as regards Manchuria, if the Japanese choose to follow a course of conduct to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> which we are adverse, we cannot stop it unless we are prepared to go to war. . . . The "open-door" policy in China was an excellent thing, and will I hope be a good thing in the future, so far as it can be maintained by general diplomatic agreement. . . .

Instead of pressuring Russia and Japan to bend to American interests in Asia, a course which could—and did—lead to a Russian-Japanese alliance against the United States and ultimately to an American-Japanese war, Roosevelt suggested that Taft concentrate his attention on such pressing domestic problems as Japanese immigration into California.

The suggestion was not followed. From 1910 through World War I, the United States increased its interests in Asia, more often through unilateral actions than by the "general diplomatic agreements" that Roosevelt had advised. When the Chinese Revolution erupted in full force after 1911, Woodrow Wilson tried to manipulate it between 1913 and 1915 by supporting the most available conservative group. This policy collapsed when Wilson's favorite warlord died. Centuries of Western intervention and the nationalism generated by the World War accelerated the revolution in 1919.

Against this and the Russian revolutionary backgrounds, the United States sat down with the leading European powers at the Washington Conference in 1921 to establish a proper kind of Far East. The lessons of 1900 to 1915 had convinced American officials that they badly needed allies to restore a stable, safe and open Orient. Assured that the Japanese shared American feelings about the Chinese Revolution and the desirability of the open door, the United States gave Tokyo dominance in the western Pacific. As for the Chinese themselves, when they requested control over their own tariffs and the foreigners within China, the Western powers refused to listen. Instead, American delegate Elihu Root substituted a series of regulations which kept Chinese trade and a large amount of political power within China in Western hands.

This made the West a perfect target for the expanding Chinese Revolution of the mid-1920s. Within a decade after the Washington Conference, that upheaval had severely reduced American missionary and business interests inside China, and had so confused the Hoover administration that when Japan struck against Manchuria in 1931, United States officials could make no effective response.

Such failure did not convince those officials to reduce our Asian commitments, however. The two central policies, control of nationalist revolutions and the use of force to maintain a balance conducive to the expansion of the American West into the East, finally ended in war with Japan. When that conflict ended, the Asia of 1946 made the situations of 1905 or 1910 attractive by comparison. The West now had no chance to control the Chinese revolutionary forces which were in full rebellion against those historical Western influences. Despite its position as the greatest power the world has ever known, the United States by 1949 had failed in Asia. Not even its immense power could repeal a century of mistakes.

But the original dream never died. Gen. Douglas MacArthur told Washington officials that Europe was the "dying system," and that the Pacific would "determine the course of history in the next 10,000 years." Japan, the General admonished, stood as the "western outpost of our defenses," and he described the American fight for the future in vivid images: the struggle against communism was comparable to Christ's struggle at Gethsemane, for "Christ, even though crucified, nevertheless prevailed."

And indeed a second chance did seem to be arising as the French attempted to regain their control over Indo-China. In the spring of 1950, before any intimation of conflict in Korea had appeared, the Truman administration committed itself to helping the French war effort. The United States was once again becoming a dominant factor in domestic Asian affairs. A State Department release in 1951 told why: the United States must retain in Western hands the "much-needed rice, rubber, and tin," and "perhaps even more important would be the psychological effect of the fall of Indo-China. It would be taken by many as a sign that the force of communism is irresistible and would lead to an attitude of defeatism." Therefore, "Communist forces must be decisively conquered down to the last pocket of resistance." This policy of total military victory required large amounts of American aid, for without such help "it is doubtful whether [the French and the Bao Dai regime installed by the French] could hold their ground."

The Korean War marked the re-entry of the United States into Asian affairs with its full, fantastic power. The growth of the American commitments in those affairs since the early 1950s has been detailed elsewhere. What should be noted here is how American officials continued to make policies based upon mistaken historical assumptions and analogies. Foremost among these officials in the early 1950s was the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, Dean Rusk.

On May 18, 1951, Rusk made a speech to 800 guests of the China Institute of America, perhaps the foremost lobbying group for the interests of Chiang Kai-shek. John Foster Dulles shared the platform with Rusk, and Henry Luce was master of ceremonies. Rusk's words were widely interpreted to mean that he agreed with MacArthur (who had just been recalled and repudiated by President Truman) that the Korean War might be widened until the Chinese Communists were overthrown by an internal revolution fueled with American aid. Rusk proceeded to read history in a way that would for him justify such a revolution. He predicted that China might be ruled by "a colonial Russian Government—a Slavic Manchukuo on a larger scale. It is not the Government of China. It does not pass the first test. It is not Chinese."

He repeated the misreading of history six months later. On November 19, 1951, Rusk spoke of the "new nations" in Asia: "If we are true to our past, we shall establish a right relationship with the peoples of Asia because of themselves." Rusk did not give a single example when in "our past" the United States had established such a relationship. And with good reason—it had never occurred.

Asian and American interests have been dissimilar

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

historically and are even more dissimilar now. The Republican Policy Committee's White Paper, issued in May, 1967, was historically correct—that is, it presented a tenable ground upon which to construct effective policy—when it observed: "Vietnam is basically Buddhist and Confucian, both ethical religions without a personal god. Thus, Asiatic communism as espoused by Asiatics can masquerade as an ally in the older, more familiar struggle against Western theism, Western colonialism, and Western capitalism." (One might add that this no doubt also partly explains why the State Department works through Roman Catholic political regimes in Saigon.) "These accidents of culture, history, and geography," the White Paper continues, "for better or for worse, carry equally as much weight in the Vietnamese conflict today as, say, the effective fire power of the Seventh Fleet on a given day." The Senate Republican leadership disavowed the White Paper, but it could not repeal historical facts.

The development of the United States as an imperial power since the 18th century, the failure of that power to come to terms with Asian culture and the revolutions to which that culture has given birth, are primary reasons why the United States is trapped in Southeast Asia. American society as a whole, and its policy makers in particular, have been ignorant of past involvements. At that point, Isaac Asimov's dictum applies: "Violence is the last refuge of the incompetent."

When, therefore, Hubert Humphrey asked Americans to remake Southeast Asia because "there is a tremendous new opening here for realizing the dream of a great society of Asia, not just here at home," the Vice President ignored a double historical lesson: two centuries of American expansion into Asia have not created the Great Society at home, nor could the United States easily transfer its Great Society into Asian cultures even if there were such a society at home. It is also possible that Asian leaders would not want an American-style society.

And when, therefore, Dean Rusk condemned "those who have not revised their thinking in the light of the realities of modern weapons and communications, who cling to the obsolete notions of a bygone age," and who consequently cannot see the importance of Southeast Asia because "the Pacific is too broad for them," the Secretary of State ignored certain facts:

Americans have not only been able to see the importance to them of Asia extremely well but have moved across the Pacific since the 18th century; the United States has involved itself in internal Asian politics since at least the "bygone age" of the 1860s and the 1890s; and the only "obsolete notions" in American history are the tragic policies of Washington officials who succeeded Seward and believed they could jump across divergent cultures, control foreign revolutions, and thus carry the American empire into Asia.

Erik Erikson has written that our history should teach us "deeper humility before the processes which govern us, and the ability to live through them with greater simplicity and honesty." In Asia, Americans have tried to escape from their own imperial history by ignoring, misreading or—especially—believing themselves superior to it.

And yet, when their history has caught up with them, as it did in the 1890s and as it has done in the 1960s, they have ironically sought escape by repeating that tragic history—by seeking an empire in the Far East in order to escape to a New West.

The Myth of Chinese Aggression

OLIVER M. LEE

Mr. Lee, who is a member of the Political Science Department of the University of Hawaii, is completing a book on the general subject of the present essay.

Unable to defeat the incredibly tenacious guerrillas in South Vietnam, the Johnson Administration in February, 1965, carried the war to North Vietnam through systematic air attacks, on the pretext that the Vietcong were controlled by Hanoi, which therefore was more truly the enemy to be subjugated. But even this enemy's "aggression" was viewed as only the surface manifestation of a much more powerful menace. Specifically, President Johnson in his 1965 Johns Hopkins speech claimed to perceive, hovering over the Vietnamese War and all of Asia, "another reality: the deepening shadow of Communist China." More recently, of course, Secretary of State Dean Rusk has taken the same line.

The image of a ruthless, irrational and aggressive Chinese Communist regime had been peddled in the United States from the beginning, mostly by private and Congressional sources rather than by the Administration. But by 1965, the Administration itself deemed it necessary to fan the flames of anti-Chinese Communist hysteria. The identification of China as the main enemy now serves the same function in the Vietnamese War as our allegations of North Vietnamese aggression had done earlier. In each case the alleged existence of a newer, larger, more real enemy provides an excuse for our inability to crush the initial, smaller enemy. In each case, furthermore, the increasing villainy of the "real" enemy provides a justification for turning our wrath and firepower upon him. In the case of North Vietnam, this has already been done; in the case of China, only time will tell whether the United States will choose that terrifying option.

The specter of the yellow peril, in Red garb, being deemed useful by the Johnson Administration, the publication in September, 1965, of an article by China's Defense Minister Lin Piao titled "Long Live the Victory of the People's War!" was most opportune. Although most of his points had been made by Peking often before, this was the first major foreign policy statement by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lin Piao in his six years as Defense Minister. The article was vitriolic in its condemnation of U. S. imperialism. It repeated some of Mao Tse-tung's vivid phrases, such as "political power grows out of the barrel of a gun" and "all reactionaries are paper tigers," and vigorously encouraged resort to revolutionary violence, people's war, and even world revolution.

It so happens that all of Lin Piao's references to justifiable violence dealt with autonomous and self-reliant revolutionary movements within nations, particularly in Asia, Africa and Latin America. Not a single sentence by Lin Piao can be construed as threatening Chinese military action aimed at the "liberation" of the people of another country. But the American Government was not to be denied its opportunity to hang a picture of an expansionist China on the slender pegs of militant Chinese words twisted and taken out of context. Thus McNamara smeared Lin Piao's article by crisply declaring: "It is a program of aggression. It is a speech that ranks with Hitler's *Mein Kampf.*" Dean Rusk chimed in by allowing that Lin's article "is as candid as Hitler's *Mein Kampf.*" Not content with linking China with the horrors of Nazi aggression in Europe, McNamara went so far as to warn the European members of NATO that "they should plan now to meet a Chinese Communist threat to their own security within five years."

True, some U.S. officials will concede that China's militancy is in support of indigenous revolutions in the underdeveloped world rather than a threat of military invasion. Assistant Secretary of State William Bundy, contradicting his superior, said that "to describe these objectives as deeply expansionist is by no means to paint the picture of another Hitler." Rather, he held, Peking aims at "the instigation and support of movements that can be represented as local movements, designed to subvert and overthrow existing governments." Yet Bundy could not resist prognosticating that China would use conventional military forces in its expansionist efforts "if it were required," and he reminded his audience of China's "threat" against India. He thereby conveyed the idea that old-fashioned military aggression, though not the preferred method, is nonetheless one of the instruments of Chinese foreign policy.

"Aggressive statements" by the Peking leaders, then, are one of Washington's main justifications for expressing concern about the possibility of future Chinese aggression, and for maintaining a policy of containment. "We should take the Chinese Communists at their word," admonishes McNamara. A Defense Department pamphlet for "information and education" puts it in zoological terms: "We *would* not ignore the buzz of a rattlesnake! . . . We *must* not ignore the roar of the dragon!" I shall take up in a moment the content of Peking's militant propaganda.

Another major reason for American fear of the yellow hordes is an alleged record of actual Chinese Communist aggression over the past eighteen years. Specific cases usually cited are those involving military action against Tibet, Korea and the Sino-Indian border, and threatened action against Taiwan. Such extrapolation from a series of past aggressions is sound in principle, but it becomes worthless if the premise of past aggressions is false, which is demonstrably the case.

The truth is that if aggression be defined as the initiation of military attack by one sovereign state against the territorial integrity of another sovereign state, Communist China did not commit aggression or plan aggression in any of the cases just mentioned. I make this assertion on the basis of evidence available but little known in the United States, and by the application of fundamental principles of international law. Following is a brief analysis of each actual or potential crisis.

Tibet. This vast plateau came under Chinese suzerainty in 1720, and in terms of international law has been part of China from that time to the present. This is true despite the fact that between 1911 and 1950 successive Chinese central governments were too weak actually to control Tibet; during those years, it should be recalled, many other regions of China were ruled by warlords who were also independent of the central government. For 250 years, no government in the world has recognized Tibet as an independent nation. As for the United States, in 1943 the State Department succinctly reminded the British that "The Government of the United States has borne in mind the fact that the Chinese Government has long claimed suzerainty over Tibet and that the Chinese constitution lists Tibet among the areas constituting the territory of the Republic of China. This Government has at no time raised a question regarding either of these claims." Even India, the one nation which, besides China, has the greatest reason to be interested in the legal status of Tibet, in 1954 concluded a treaty with Peking on "Trade and Intercourse Between Tibet Region of China and India." It might be added that our Nationalist allies on Taiwan are every bit as adamant as the Communists about China's title to Tibet.

The People's Liberation Army did enter Tibet in 1950 and did use force to put down sporadic rebellion there. There is no doubt that the Peking government has drastically uprooted the feudalistic social and economic structure of Tibet, replacing it with the Socialist system that prevails in the rest of China. Social revolution of such intensity inevitably brings about much dislocation and suffering, and one's judgment of whether such revolution represents progress or whether the progress is worth the price depends on one's value system. But a negative judgment of the revolution does not entitle one to label as military aggression the advent of the Chinese Revolution in a region that has long been internationally recognized as an integral part of China. Federal troops enforcing the Constitution in Mississippi must similarly be absolved from any charge of aggression.

Korea. Five months after the outbreak of the Korean War in 1950, as the United Nations forces under General MacArthur's command were approaching the Chinese border at the Yalu River, 300,000 Chinese troops astounded the world by entering the war. They smashed through the center of MacArthur's line, and in a matter of weeks pushed the UN forces out of North Korea and south of the 38th Parallel. Thereupon the General Assembly, by overwhelming majority vote, declared Communist China an aggressor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the legal standpoint, this charge of Chinese aggression would be well founded if—but only if—it could be established that North Korea, the recipient of Chinese assistance, had committed aggression in the first place. This cannot be done. The proposition that North Korea initiated the military action resulting in the Korean War has been widely accepted in the non-Communist world on the assumption that an impartial United Nations commission happened to be on the scene and witnessed the outbreak of the war. In reality, the UN field observers had traveled along the 38th Parallel from June 9 to June 24, returning to the capital one day before the alleged North Korean aggression, which they therefore did not witness. The initial cable from the commission, reporting an attack by North Korean forces, was based purely on allegations by the South Korean government.

In view of South Korean President Syngman Rhee's frequent threats to unify Korea by war, and MacArthur's promise to him in 1949 to "defend South Korea as I would defend the shores of my own native land," the alternative hypothesis of a South Korean military attack with the aim of provoking a strong counterattack is plausible. And what are we to think of John Gunther's report that at MacArthur's headquarters the first words on the war, uttered by an "important" official, had been: "A big story has just broken. The South Koreans have attacked North Korea!"?

Another problem lies in the fact that North and South Korea were legally one nation rather than two, and that therefore any military action between them, initiated by whomever, constituted civil war, to which the concept of international aggression is not applicable. Korea is one nation not only in historic, cultural and ethnic terms but in 1950 was viewed as one nation even by the two Korean regimes and the two postwar military occupation powers (the United States and Russia), and by the UN General Assembly. Each Korean government has claimed to be *the* government of all Korea, the Southern claim being reflected in the fact that in the May, 1950, legislative election in South Korea, one-third of the seats were kept vacant, to be filled by future delegates from the North.

If North Korea cannot be shown to have committed aggression, it follows that China was not an accomplice thereto. But even assuming, for the sake of discussion, that Peking did commit aggression in this case, I submit that the circumstances were such that China was acting to avert a serious threat to its national security, and that such action proves absolutely nothing about the existence of territorial ambitions or other expansionist aims.

No government worthy of the name would, under similar circumstances, have failed to come to the rescue of a friendly buffer region that was in the process of being eliminated by the most powerful nation on earth—a nation which also contained influential factions extremely hostile toward the government in question. The depth of such hostility in the United States was revealed when Secretary of the Navy Francis Matthews, on August 25, 1950, advocated "instituting a war to compel cooperation for peace. . . . We would become the first aggressors for peace." *The New York Times*'s military analyst reported that Matthews' speech was a "trial balloon" backed by

Herblock, The Washington Post

Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, "who has been selling the same doctrine of preventive war in private conversations around Washington."

It is true that Johnson resigned soon after this report, and that Truman exerted strong influence, both before and after China's crossing of the Yalu, against expanding the war into China. But Peking had no guarantee that in the power struggle in Washington the "hawks" like MacArthur, Dulles and Louis Johnson would not gain control. A Korea unified through American military power, with the supine acquiescence of China, would have constituted a powerful link in the chain of encirclement the United States was engaged in forging against China.

Taiwan. Here the problem is not the waging of actual warfare but Communist China's implied assertion that it has the right to use force to gain control of Taiwan. "By all suitable means at a suitable time" is Peking's way of putting it.

Taiwan has been part of China from 1683 to 1895, when it was ceded to Japan by the defeated and tottering Manchu dynasty. Decades later, at the Cairo Conference of 1943, Roosevelt, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek agreed that "all the territories Japan has stolen from the Chinese, such as Manchuria, Formosa and the Pescadores, shall be restored to the Republic of China."

In practice, the island was returned to the Middle Kingdom when Chinese Nationalist troops accepted the surrender of the Japanese garrison, so that in 1950 Sec-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

retary of State Dean Acheson was able to report: "The Chinese have administered Formosa for four years. Neither the United States nor any other ally ever questioned that authority and that occupation." The U.S. officially continues to regard Taiwan as part of China, as does the Chiang Kai-shek government in its vain attempt to play the role of *the* government of China and the protector of its territorial integrity.

If Taiwan is acknowledged to be part of China, it follows that the government of China, on the basis of the principles of national sovereignty and territorial integrity, has the legal right to use force to reunify Taiwan with the mainland; whether Peking will actually do so remains an open question. As for those, like the United States Government, who refuse to accept the legitimacy of the Peking government, the only alternative to such acceptance is to regard the Chinese Communists as a rebellious faction trying to replace the legitimate "national" government located on Taiwan. And even such an interpretation cannot be used to bolster a charge of aggression, as there is nothing in international law which prohibits rebellion or revolution, forceful or otherwise.

The Sino-Indian Border. Twenty thousand Chinese troops in October, 1962, poured southward through the Himalayan Mountain passes, and within thirty days penetrated 85 miles behind Indian front-line positions. *The Washington Post,* in an editorial titled "World War III?," ventured that "perhaps no aggression since World War II holds so large a threat to the peace, safety, independence and security of other lands." *The New York Times* feared that the Chinese action "could engulf India and menace all Asia and the world."

Before the ink was dry on that editorial, Peking announced a unilateral cease-fire and promised to pull its troops back to their original positions north of the Himalayan crest. *The New York Times* found this "startling and puzzling in the extreme," as well it might, having twenty-four hours earlier reminded its readers that India was once conquered by Mogul emperors descended from Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, and asserted that "any Communist rule would be far more brutal than theirs."

Did the Chinese military action, temporary though it was, constitute a "brutal invasion," as Nehru cried? A "naked and large-scale aggression," as Defense Minister Krishna Menon asserted? To answer these questions requires some background in the diplomatic history of the border dispute.

The respective claims to the border areas between China and India are of mixed validity. On the basis of old maps, old treaties, administrative history and other technical aspects, the disputed areas do not clearly belong to either India or China; but China's claims are at least as good as those of India. To cite just one type of evidence favoring the Middle Kingdom: all official British maps of British India, prior to 1914, show the presently disputed Himalayan region to be within China. Britain in 1914 unilaterally claimed that region, but not until 1937 did it have the audacity to change its maps accordingly.

Peking's basic position has been that no valid treaties exist for defining the boundaries between the two countries, and that therefore a treaty should be negotiated. U.S. Secretary of State Christian Herter in 1959 tended to support the Chinese in this by saying: "The border, as you know, has been for many years pretty ill defined." India's attitude, in contrast, was that it knew exactly where the boundaries were, that no negotiations were necessary, and that Chinese troops were sitting on part of Indian soil and should remove themselves.

Since the Chinese considered that same area to be theirs. they saw no need to leave, unless as a result of a negotiated border treaty. India thereupon embarked on a prolonged military campaign, in which it boasted of having "reclaimed" 2,500 square miles from the Chinese north of the Karakoram Range. The Indian troops accomplished this by means of marching up to the Chinese frontier posts and occupying them after Mao Tse-tung's troops, in every single case, pulled back without a fight.

It is these facts which led Congressman Sikes of Florida to ask General Maxwell Taylor, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in a Congressional hearing in February, 1963: "Let me talk about the Red China and the Indian operation. Did the Indians actually start this military operation?" To which Taylor replied: "They were edging forward in the disputed area; yes, sir." At this point the testimony was censored out of the public transcript.

The "edging forward" by Indian troops occurred not only in the western corner of India's frontier with China but also in the eastern corner where the New Delhi government asserted the validity of the McMahon Line. Peking, while denying its validity, was willing to respect that line provisionally, pending a negotiated settlement. But Indian troops, in places, penetrated even to the north of *that,* on the ground that "blind adherence" to the McMahon Line was not as proper as seeking out a border conforming to the "principles" that Sir Arthur Henry McMahon had had in mind when drawing the line in 1914. These two types of penetration, backed up by Nehru's order of October 12 to push the Chinese out of all "Indian territory," constituted the provocations against which China retaliated.

Such, then, has been Communist China's behavior in terms of major military action carried out or contemplated. Its behavior in the propaganda realm, which is also used in an effort to prove Chinese Communist expansion, has likewise been grossly distorted in the non-Communist world, and even in the Soviet orbit.

To revert to Lin Piao's 1965 article, for example, while it is true that he urged the violent overthrow, through "people's war," of exploitative systems in Asia, Africa and Latin America, he did not threaten to use Chinese troops to this end. On the contrary he has a section, titled "Adhere to the Policy of Self-Reliance," in which he points out: "The liberation of the masses is accomplished by the masses themselves—this is a basic principle of Marxism-Leninism. Revolution or people's war in any country is the business of the masses in that country and should be carried out primarily by their own efforts; there is no other way." Interestingly enough, McNamara, in his 1966 testimony before the Senate Armed Services Committee, inserted 3 pages of excerpts from Lin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Piao's article, but omitted any reference to this self-restricting aspect of Peking's foreign policy.

It is often asserted in the West that the Chinese Communists regard world war to be inevitable. From this it is inferred that Peking is dangerous because it thereby acquires an incentive to choose the right circumstances to set off a world conflagration. The truth is that Peking agrees with Moscow that "the Communists must work untiringly among the masses to prevent underestimation of the possibility of averting a world war." Do the Chinese Communists desire world war, as it is often asserted? Peking says, "No Marxist-Leninist has ever held or ever will hold that revolution must be made through world war."

But, it may be asked, is it not a fact that the Chinese Communists have said in so many words that "wars are inevitable"? So they have, but not world war. What about lesser wars between nations? Peking again agrees with Moscow that "it is possible to combat effectively the local wars started by the imperialists and to stamp out successfully the hotbeds of such wars." But what they do regard as inevitable are revolutionary and counterrevolutionary wars, anti-colonial wars and "imperialist wars of suppression against colonies and semi-colonies," as long as capitalism exists. Among these types of wars, Mao and his colleagues of course favor revolutionary and anti-colonial wars, but this in no way represents an announced Chinese policy to expand, to invade, to conquer, to rule or to dominate, either before or after a successful revolutionary or anti-colonial war. What they have announced, instead, with regard to about forty non-Communist nations, is that "it is absolutely impermissible and impossible for countries practicing peaceful coexistence to touch even a hair of each other's social system." With many of these, particularly with the neutralist nations closest to China, and therefore the most easily "dominated," such as Afghanistan, Pakistan, Nepal, Burma and Cambodia, Peking has in fact signed treaties incorporating the "five principles of peaceful coexistence," thereby committing itself not to interfere with the territorial integrity and sovereignty of the smaller nation. Treaty commitments do not necessarily reflect actual behavior, and Prince Sihanouk's recent charge of "extraordinary interference" by Communist China in Cambodia's affairs bears watching in this regard. But we are dealing here with the allegations that Peking, in a manner as frank as that of Hitler, has announced a program of aggression, domination, etc. Demonstrably it has not.

One final canard is the charge that rulers of China regard nuclear war as inevitable and indeed desirable, and that they are ignorant of the destructive power of nuclear weapons. What Peking actually says is that "the complete banning and destruction of nuclear weapons is an important task in the struggle to defend world peace." They acknowledge that "nuclear weapons are unprecedentedly destructive." And we have it on the authority of Morton H. Halperin, a foremost American expert on Chinese nuclear strategy, writing in *China and the Bomb*, that "the Chinese have never claimed that nuclear war is inevitable."

Though regarding such a war as avoidable and as highly destructive, have not the Maoists nevertheless boasted of a readiness to start a nuclear war on the ground that, on balance, capitalism would be damaged more than communism? The answer is, again, No. On the occasion of China's first nuclear explosion, in October, 1964, Peking sent a letter to all governments in the world, stating: "The Chinese Government solemnly declares that at no time and in no circumstances will China be the first to use nuclear weapons." Washington, in contrast, has persistently refused to make a similar pledge, and has rejected Peking's call for prohibition of nuclear weapons as a "smoke screen."

In the absence of Chinese Communist threats to use either conventional or nuclear power to impose its domination on any other country, it is nonsense for the Defense Department to invoke the image of "the buzz of a rattlesnake." With the Chinese leaning backward to make legal and political commitments, on a reciprocal basis, to respect the sovereignty and territorial integrity of other nations, conjuring up the image of a roaring dragon is simply another Establishment attempt to brainwash George Romney along with the rest of the American people.

Che Guevara: 'The Best Way To Die'

JOSE YGLESIAS
Mr. Yglesias' latest book is The Goodbye Land *(Pantheon).*

Let us assume that Che Guevara is dead. Simply because of the photographs. A week of news reports made clear only that we are uneasily dependent on Bolivian army generals, backed up, in the matter of fingerprint identification, by Argentinian authorities. It is something like having a press release of Sen. Joe McCarthy's confirmed by Senator Eastland. As I write, the Bolivians, who first buried, then cremated Che, are saying that they cut off his hands and have kept them. Shocking but perfectly right—like a surprising turn in a Dostoevski novel—and a reminder of the kind of mentality that our special forces are training in the suppression of revolutionary guerrillas. Someone should tell the Bolivian generals—someone steeped in their medieval tradition—that these hands, like Saint Teresa's, may well be with us for a long time: to strengthen the nonreligious but barefoot Order—like Saint Teresa's stoical Carmelites—of the guerrillas of South America.

Responding to a newspaper's nagging need to have an editorial opinion, *The New York Times* began theirs: "If Ernesto Che Guevara was really killed in Bolivia, as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now seems probable, a myth as well as a man has been laid to rest." The *Times* editorials are usually more prescient about Latin American developments, but this time, after its opening qualifying phrase, the paper threw caution to the winds. Also, its style book. That it accepts Guevara's nickname as a middle name and doesn't surround it with quotation marks is inadvertent evidence of how well Che has captured our imagination. The nickname Che—Argentinian for *fella, buddy, mate* or this generation's *man*—was given to him by the Cubans and accepted by the world: the spirit of this Everyman is going to be difficult to lay to rest.

It is a death that Che has often rehearsed, turned over in his mind, gone out to meet. After two years of silence, he sent a message to Cuba for publication last April in the first number of the magazine of the Tri-Continental Organization, of which OLAS is a regional group. In it, he analyzed the world political situation and argued for the creation in the Third World of "two, three, many Vietnams." The last paragraphs of the message turn, in a very personal way, to his own role, and end with a perfectly cadenced Spanish sentence: "Wherever death surprises us, welcome be it, so long as this, our battle cry, reaches a receptive ear and another hand stretches out to grasp our arms and other men lend their voices to funeral songs accompanied by the rattle of machine guns and new cries of war and victory."

Two years earlier, when he first left Cuba, he also wrote a letter to his mother and father, published in Cuba this year, in which he tells them of his decision. His tone is lighter, but he must tell them that there are real dangers he may not survive. He recalls, however, that when he embarked on the *Granma* from Mexico to invade Cuba he was an untried doctor and soldier. Now, he adds, he is no longer interested in the first and is "not a bad soldier." Then carefully, without sentimentality, he tells them how much he loves them, for he fears that as a young man he was rigid in his ways and difficult to understand and may not have made his feelings clear.

The story of how he became "not a bad soldier" is also the story of how he became a man who could make his feelings clear. (Only by never quoting him have newspaper men been able to give him a reputation for toughness.) When the eighty men of the *Granma* came ashore in Cuba, late and off-course, they were forced to march through swamps, where they lost their equipment, and arrived at a cane field the next day, hungry, their feet a mass of sores. A peasant guide betrayed them and, in the open, they were attacked by the Batista army and air force; Che was wounded and only twelve of the eighty were to survive. "During that moment, when everything seemed lost, I started to think of the best way to die," he wrote in *Episodes of the Revolutionary War*. "I remembered an old story by Jack London in which the protagonist, leaning on the trunk of a tree, tries to face death with dignity. . . . It's the only image I remember."

In his letter to Fidel Castro two years ago, Che said: "Other lands claim my modest efforts." Last winter, in the section of northern Oriente Province where I spent three months, Cubans used to repeat it to me, and then ask: "What do you think of our Che?" It was a rhetorical question, one that they asked when they wanted the conversation to take an agreeable turn. It was not simply that they knew him personally but that he symbolized the whole revolutionary stance of Cuba: in Fidel Castro's words, that the duty of a revolutionary is to make the revolution.

It would have surprised those people who lived near or worked in the nickel processing plant at Nicaro or the manganese plant at Moa that Guevara had, in the *Times* editorial's words, "soured in the more sober responsibilities of helping to build a post-revolutionary Cuba." They knew that it was while he was Minister of Industry that Nicaro was brought to full production and that Moa, built by the U.S. Government and never operated, became, without even a blueprint for guidance, the most lucrative industry in the country. He tramped up and down the hills where the minerals were mined; every truck driver and railroad man knew him. At Nicaro, later, they put up a sign at the entrance to the plant: "The only way to leave the country with dignity is to take the path that Che took." I understand that the same statement can be read at the airport in Varadero, at the other end of the island, where the daily plane load of exiles leaves for Miami.

On Monday, April 17, it was difficult to find a newspaper in Cuba, for they carried the full text of his message and the photographs of him with his beard shaved off, in shirt and tie, in fatigues but still clean-shaven and, finally, in fatigues with his new beard. None of it disappointed my friends in Oriente; the photographs delighted them, the text reminded them of his straightforward truth telling. "There is a sad reality," he wrote. "Vietnam, this nation that represents the aspirations, the hopes of a whole disinherited world, is tragically alone. . . . The solidarity of the progressive world with Vietnam resembles the bitter irony that the cheers of the plebes held for the gladiators in the Roman arenas."

"Isn't that just like Che!" everyone said.

The *Times* editorial also said that Che's effort "was doomed to fail because he violated a basic revolutionary tenet—that a successful guerrilla movement requires strong indigenous roots and leadership. . . . Che Guevara's death should shatter the illusions of those who, like Fidel Castro, still think revolution is for export." The *Times* might have remembered Simón Bolívar, but it should have known that Che had considered this point in his message:

> There is so great an identity among the classes of these countries that they achieve an identity of an "international American" type. . . . Language, customs, religion, a common boss, unite them."

He proposed a guerrilla war that would openly fight for socialism, for he was certain that the national bourgeoisies of Latin America are incapable of fighting for national independence. He was aware that among Communists there are enormous differences world-wide about tactics and strategy, and said it was useless to try to end them with words; only when they weaken the tactics of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struggle should they be analyzed and discussed. However—"About the grand strategic objective—the total destruction of imperialism—we must be intransigent."

There is a somber tone, and many terrible prophecies, in this last section that leads to his final, personal statement:

> Many shall die victims of their errors, others shall fall in the hard combat that draws near; new fighters and new leaders will rise from the heat of the revolutionary fight.
>
> And the combats shall not be mere street fights of rocks against tear gas, nor peaceful general strikes; nor will it be the fight of an enraged populace that in two or three days will destroy the repressive organs of the governing oligarchies; it shall be a long, bloody struggle, whose fronts will be in the guerrilla hide-outs, in the cities, in the homes of the fighters—where the repression will seek out easy victims in their families—in the massacred peasant population, in villages and cities destroyed by enemy bombings.
>
> And, I repeat it once more, a cruel war. Let no one have any illusions when he starts it and let no one hesitate to start it for fear of the results that it can bring to his people. This is almost our only hope of victory.

It is a strange voice to hear so far from the world of which it speaks. A voice repellent to our comfort and our common sense—thank God, he looks for no recruits amongst us. His is a revolutionary ideology in which death and tragedy occupy, close in the foreground, an unwanted, redemptive place. For a moment one draws close to the *Times* editorial writer and to the news stories that immediately told us that the guerrilla movement has failed.

But wait—in that day's batch of meager news that said all that remains of Che is his hands, there was one item that reported a new clash had occurred in the mountains of Bolivia between the army and a band of guerrillas.

San Jose: The Bullhorn Message

JAMES BRANN

Mr. Brann is a reporter on The Chronicle of Higher Education, *a national newspaper for college administrators and faculty.*

San Jose State College, the largest of California's eighteen state colleges, would rank first or second among America's campuses in any national census of stunning coeds. It is best known today as the alma mater of the Smothers Brothers, and as the college of track star Tommie Smith. Only in the last couple of years has San Jose State begun to shed its long-deserved reputation as a "party school."

Campus tranquillity was severely jarred at San Jose this fall by a hastily organized Negro campaign aimed at several varieties of discrimination that flourished there (as at most colleges) long after they had been abolished on paper.

"We wanted to end institutionalized racism, the things that had been going on so long on this campus that people did not perceive them as wrong," explained Harry Edwards, the 6 ft. 8 in. Negro assistant professor of sociology who led the San Jose movement.

As at most colleges, the white fraternities and sororities had long ago dropped the all-white clauses from their charters, but none has accepted a black member. There is a Negro fraternity. Downtown landlords, to win college approval, swear in writing that they do not discriminate, but many do. "The incidence is high enough to be brutal," said a college official.

After four days of turmoil, San Jose State President Robert D. Clark appointed an ombudsman for discrimination problems. The ombudsman will sick the Fair Employment Practices Commission, which enforces housing laws, onto offending landlords. President Clark placed all twenty-seven fraternities and sororities on immediate probation and gave them until November 1 to devise plans to end bias. The college athletic department was ordered to provide equal treatment for all athletes, especially in recruiting practices. And the administration promised financial backing for a black students' program to tutor and recruit minority group high school students for the college. There are only eighty American Negroes among San Jose's 23,000 students; fifty-nine of them joined Professor Edwards' United Black Students for Action.

The San Jose experience may well prove instructive to other college presidents. Edwards is determined to export revolution, and the ingredients for similar confrontations exist at many colleges and universities. The *Los Angeles Times* coverage of the disturbance was headlined: "Negro Gain May Set U.S. Pattern." The ferocity of the Negro battle strategy—as developed here in an environment receptive to their demands—severely limits the stalling and cooling-off maneuvers so common to administrative strategy in higher education.

The revolt at San Jose began with a conversation over coffee between Edwards and a sociology graduate student near the end of the fall rushing week at fraternities and sororities. As usual, Negroes had been ignored. "For the first time," said Edwards, "we perceived it as a group problem."

The movement snowballed and President Clark was formally presented with the black students' grievances on the following Monday morning. He called for hearings to begin on campus that afternoon, "to let students register their complaints and to let other people respond if they wished to." He assigned two of his vice presidents to sit with Edwards and spokesmen for the groups under attack as a panel. Clark, 57, was brought here four years ago from the University of Oregon to jack up the institution

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and to solve some tough administrative problems. He has proved masterful and fair in dealing with the tough professors' union movement here, and is respected by his faculty and the other state college presidents. After four afternoons of hearings, he made his ombudsman proposal, and it was quickly accepted by the black students.

The Negroes' campaign received national publicity when college officials, at a moment when tempers were high and before the ombudsman had been proposed and accepted, canceled a scheduled football game with the University of Texas, El Paso. President Clark was criticized for canceling the game by the campus Young Republicans, Gov. Ronald Reagan and Max Rafferty, California's vocal superintendent of public instruction. "If I had to ask the President to call in the whole U.S. Marine Corps," said Rafferty, "that game would have been played." However, much of the resulting mail has been to Edwards, asking for details of his demands and advice on how to organize.

"We were working on the principle of escalation," Edwards explains. "First, we picketed the administration buildings and the Physical Education Department. Next, we would have picketed fraternity row, and then camped on their lawns. If anyone had touched us, we would have sent him to the cemetery. We were ready to stop the football game. We planned to march on the field right after the kickoff and stay there." Another step in his announced escalation would have moved students into classrooms to disrupt classes.

Although the dispute was settled the day before the game, it was too late to reschedule it, and administration officials were not eager to do so. They still feared an influx of extremists, both black and white, from nearby San Francisco, and other parts of the state.

The conflicting stresses of black leadership today are sharply illuminated in the 24-year-old Edwards, who grew up in the ghettos of East St Louis, Ill., and moved to California when he was 16. He was a track and basketball star while a student at San Jose State in the early sixties. As a militant black leader, he must sound tough for his constituency. Yet he wants integration (in some ways), so he must sound reasonable. He is unfailingly patient and polite with reporters, and answers questions like any bright young college professor with a cause. He can talk as roughly as Rap Brown, then switch abruptly back to the style of the college professor. He calmly discusses the possibility of "400 dead" if there had been a showdown at the stadium. A few moments later, he insists upon his willingness to meet "any time" to converse for hours with fraternity or housing representatives.

Edwards exploded when asked why today's militant young black students want to join a white middle-class fraternity. "We don't," he yelled. "At least most of us don't. It's the principle! Most of us don't give a damn about the damn white fraternities. But if those fraternities stay on campus and suck up student body funds paid by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

black students and use the facilities paid for by the tax money of the black people of California, then they have no right to tell us where we can and cannot go. We do not want them telling us we are subhuman. I personally don't give a damn about integration or sitting on a toilet next to a white man."

Edwards will leave San Jose next year and return to Cornell University to complete his Ph.D. work. He was asked if he fears difficulty in getting another job. "If I am written off as a troublemaker because of my actions at San Jose State, then I am better off," he said. "I would know where I stand. I did not sell democracy and freedom to white folks; they sold it to me. If the attitude is simply to talk about democracy and freedom, but leave it in the classroom, then I'll have learned a lot. It will indicate to me how deep the rot is."

The young professor is disappointed and bitter at the lack of active support his group got from his white colleagues during the critical few days. "One thing this has taught me is that white liberals are all right so long as all they have to do is talk," he said. Most of the faculty members who came to his hearings were men he considered conservative, said Edwards, "but they were also men of conviction."

I mentioned Edwards' complaints to a white liberal friend on the faculty. He conceded that liberal professors had taken little action to aid the black students, but insisted there had been no real opportunity. "It was evident very early that Clark was going to give in to their demands and do the right thing." Strong statements in support of the Negro students' goals were issued by the local headquarters of the College Council of the American Federation of Teachers.

I relayed my friend's comments to Edwards and asked what he felt white liberals should have done. "They could have gotten off their butts and out of their offices and come down to our hearings with a bullhorn and shouted: 'White folks, let's do right.' "

LETTERS *(Continued from page 450)*

and therefore opposed my referring to it in my own letter; Miss Adler believed that my position at the convention, if it was as I described it, was deliberately ambiguous or ambivalent. Asked why five national reporters saw my position as unambiguous and the precise opposite of what she ascribed to me, Miss Adler said that she had seen through the cover to the reality, and they had failed to do so. She and Mr. Shawn then rejected my suggestion that my letter be printed and Miss Adler given as much space as she liked to analyze and decry it.

After two weeks of discussion, Mr. Shawn told me that Miss Adler had extremely reluctantly suggested that she write a letter repeating her original charge and reporting that I said what I wanted was that the convention should "adopt the Thirteen Points as a legitimate statement of one wing of the Convention" (a partial quote from some notes on the convention that I had circulated to friends and reporters). I pointed out that this would indeed baffle readers as a legalistic point, in the absence of any clear reference to my bicameral effort. So I suggested adding the next ten words of the quote, "and adopt simultaneously a radical statement for the 'white' wing." Miss Adler and Mr. Shawn refused, citing the same grounds as for refusing to print my letter. That is where matters now stand..

In all this, Mr. Shawn adamantly refused to check the facts with six or seven persons from all political positions who were at the convention—including the man who introduced the "endorsement" resolution that I opposed. Mr. Shawn insisted that he had no alternative but to believe his own reporter.

There seem to be three levels of issues in this matter. First, what kind of factual reporting did the convention get? Second, what kind of political analysis went into such imputations as "white racism"? And finally, what kind of journalistic ethics went into refusing to print either my letter or even any quotation from me except one ripped utterly out of context and meaning?

The last question is most easily answered. It is a travesty of journalistic honor for a magazine to refuse someone who believes he has been traduced in its pages the opportunity to speak in his own voice—and even more absurd to propose that he be quoted in a deliberately caricatured version of his own voice. *The New Yorker*'s stated reason for printing no letters of this kind is that its famed staff of fact checkers prevents it from making any factual errors at all.

What about "the facts"? What about a reporter who claims to have heard me speak "in plenary session" although I never got the microphone that day, and who claims to know what I said when I spoke privately with people, but who did not know a substitute resolution was being proposed—though every talk I had with any person that day was about that substitute resolution? And indeed, what about a view of the facts that insists one reporter is "right," though many other persons on the spot—participants or observers—saw the matter entirely differently?

And finally: do *The New Yorker*'s simple-minded sense of factuality and illiberal refusal to print a dissenting view connect at all with the politics of the "liberal" vision that Mr. Shawn and Miss Adler profess? Perhaps reasonable "liberals" can believe that a bicameral treatment of the black and white movements (in the tradition of Calhoun's "concurrent majority") is racist—because not simplistically one-man-one-vote-and-the-devil-take-the-minority; but can they believe it is indistinguishable from a situation in which the racial minority dictates to the racial majority (the situation I was opposing)? And can they not see how reasonable liberals and radicals might think that dictation by a racial majority—one-man-one-vote, at a conference to which the black movement could not afford to send as many representatives of as many organizations as could the white movement—was racist in itself?

It was blindness to these distinctions and to the new efforts of some liberals and radicals to grapple with what racism means in America that characterized *The New Yorker*'s coverage of Chicago even more than that of other journals. (Many others at least mentioned the bicameral notion.) It is hard to believe that this political blindness, this mental "set" into stereotyped liberalism was not also responsible for *The New Yorker*'s factual deafness in Chicago and its insensitivity to the demand that its readers be allowed to hear another view.

Arthur I. Waskow, Resident Fellow
Institute for Policy Studies

The Nation *will publish any communication it receives from Mr. Shawn or Miss Adler on the matters raised by Mr. Waskow. It offers them jointly as much space as is occupied by Mr. Waskow's letter.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Aesthetics of Profit

THE CORPORATION AND THE ARTS. *By Richard Eells. The Macmillan Co. 365 pp. $7.95.*

PETER CLECAK

Mr. Clecak teaches English at the University of California (Irvine) and is at work on a book on contemporary American social criticism.

Professor Eells has written a mind-blowing book on the relationships between the American corporation and the arts. Though addressed primarily to business executives and business professors, the book also attempts to reach the "creators," "custodians" and "transmitters" of art. "Essentially," the author declares in the preface, "the message is this: try to widen your horizons and deepen your insights into the corporation-arts nexus in preparation for policy-making in this general field for the decades ahead. Avoid the narrow view that corporate financial support of certain of the arts is the main issue. Try to conceive of the arts broadly and to consider the implications of their interplay with the corporate world of business. Try to imagine what business corporations, on the one hand, and the art world, on the other, can do apart and in collaboration with one another to attain their common objectives." And for nearly 400 tediously written and tediously annotated pages, he explores the points of contact and exhorts executives to capitalize on the creative possibilities of the arts.

Eells forces the "corporation-arts nexus" into existence through a series of strained analogies: both the artist and the businessman, he argues, pursue the goals of new knowledge and fresh moral and aesthetic perspectives. Developing the theme of the executive as the artist's unrecognized double, he occasionally rides his analogies to the borders of absurdity:

> It is true that the language of protest arises primarily in art and philosophy. But is it not the businessman, rather than the artist, who has been (and continues to be) the most revolutionary force disintegrative of the old society and its orthodoxies?

Eells does not sketch parallel economic and aesthetic activities converging in common goals merely to create a pleasing design, but to guide the unwitting executive into the mutuality trap, to demonstrate that unless "men of affairs" transform the artist's knowledge into goods and services, it disappears into the aesthetic void—and business needlessly stagnates.

Eells periodically denies that the cash nexus is the only genuine tie binding the executive and the artist. Yet the frequent detours onto unfamiliar paths of ethics and aesthetics quickly lead back to the pragmatic main road. Though embroidered with platitudes, the central argument for modest corporate support of the arts is essentially businesslike: (*1*) The "scientific realms of high culture" have been profitably assimilated into the modern corporation; (*2*) art, according to Eells's definition, is only another realm of "high culture"; (*3*) therefore, art should be a means of creating new forms of consumption. Q.E.D.

Eells knows the dominant reasons for the current resistance to corporate investment in art: "Military hardware and space technology are marketable commodities. The arts do not yet seem to offer the same dazzling inducements." But he does not know what to make of them: the enormous gaps between analogies and observable realities are classified as bold challenges to executive ingenuity. Art is not unprofitable—it is simply not yet profitable. Plans to extend the Midas touch to aesthetics, however, remain suspiciously vague: Eells cites the obvious opportunities arising from increased leisure time, and offers a few probing approbations of Marshall McLuhan, the prophet of new "directions in creativity," but Eells can do no more than point in McLuhan's direction:

> Who knows what the implications will be for any business in large corporate form? On the profit-and-loss side alone, trends in the arts can open up vast new terrain for enterprise and close down some overworked fields.

The primary impact of the book, however, depends neither on careful argument nor on specific solutions. In fact, the subject matter of the arts is in some ways quite incidental to the implicit appeal to the executive audience. Eells quite skillfully varies the familiar theme of the corporate search for respectability. He is in almost perfect tune with the business idiom as it permeates philosophical, political, social, moral and aesthetic regions beyond the corporation. And though no major dilemmas are resolved, Eells projects a rhetorical smoke screen of respectability for public consumption—and for the executive's personal consumption as well. The author portrays the executive as the symbolic actor in a success fantasy. As hero, the executive talks about major problems and simultaneously acts out the daydream of success. In low-brow business circles, after-dinner conversation usually turns on exposés of autopsies of local entrepreneurs —the fantasy is crude and undisguised. The educated executive, however, requires more refined vehicles: generalizations about the multiple roles of the corporation in a democratic society provide sufficient cover for imagining the business potential of art and portraying oneself as a man of foresight and creativity. For the willing reader, the pleasure of the success fantasy may conceal the astonishing absence of concrete analysis and "action-proposals."

The Midas touch may increase the GNP, but it also distorts other modes of thought and feeling. Even the dead metaphors— the "vast new terrain" and the "overworked fields" which the artist's capacity for innovation may revitalize—recall the traditional and inelegant capitalist approach to the conversion of art into profit. But Eells can only suggest a bloodless kind of cultural crop rotation as a means of ploughing imagination into new commodities. The consistently uneven rhetoric and the multiplicity of tones convey a sense of inauthenticity: discussions of aesthetics, democracy and ethics seem extrinsic to the business consciousness which can use art but cannot finally comprehend it.

Eells never transcends the economic metaphor of arranging a deal between the artist and the executive who must "learn a common language for the sake of drafting action-proposals." The artist descends "from the stratosphere" and the corporate director and legislator "must raise their sights . . .": they do not meet in the coffeehouse, or even on neutral ground but rather in the executive suite where reasonable men gather round magic tables to harmonize aesthetic ideals with profit potentials: ". . . today, arts, science, humanistics and business are sitting around the same table—and they are actually enjoying the experience." Once inside the board room, however, the artist is quickly emasculated. People dissolve into cardboard categories—a humanist becomes a "humanistic" and an artist an "arts." Everything is devitalized.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The merest prospect of a merger makes Eells expansively tolerant about substantive aesthetic issues. In a heavily documented chapter entitled "What Are 'The Arts'?" he drags John Dewey, Ernst Kris, Suzanne Langer, Herbert Read and Arnold Toynbee into the witness box only to conclude limply that "for our purposes 'the arts' deal with many kinds of media, serve diverse purposes for their creators, are points on continua in history that are not easy to discern, and are indicia of future developments. . . ." One has the impression that none of this matters when compared to Eells's fundamental insight that "The art business is here to stay."

As nothing in this universe of discourse escapes or transcends the cash nexus, it is no wonder that Eells assumes that artists are for hire. Doubtless those who produce for the market can be purchased at mutually satisfactory rates. But the artist pays an exorbitant price for his seat at the business table—and not merely because he is exposed to a barbarous institutional jargon. The enlightened executive may grant the artist liberty to create an exquisite statue just as he grants the janitor a Christmas bonus to polish it more diligently: pleasant working conditions accelerate the flow of profits. Truth and freedom are instrumental to the corporation.

Eells pretentiously states that "Artists and enterprisers at their best are among the prime questioners of our time." But the executive's probings cease at crucial junctures. Throughout the long book, Eells constantly talks about "all mankind" and "democracy," and about freedom and morality, anchoring his speculations in economic bedrock. But he mentions neither the important economic facts about the American corporate structure nor their enormous moral implications. There are no descriptions of South Koreans or Bolivians working for a few cents a day to assist the multi-national corporations to pump billions from the distant regions of empire into the American metropolis. Instead, Eells provides tired allusions to the white man's burden of "moving the rest of the world toward the age of abundance." Nor does Eells discuss the war of extermination in Vietnam—he vaguely hopes for "some kind of esthetic model that will give us a more truthful view of our society as it now is and as it can become."

The harsh realities of corporate exploitation which invalidate the executive's claims to truth and moral vision also threaten the artist's search for beauty. To accept financial aid from the corporation while remaining silent about its global activities seriously undermines the artist's integrity, as well as his capacity to see. Eells's commitment to the corporation shields him from elementary perceptions about the moral and spiritual qualities of American life which the artist must discover and articulate if he is to fulfill his genuinely revolutionary role. Approaching a partial insight, Eells remarks that the artist is "an indispensable part of civilization's survival plan. . . ." The artist must demonstrate that the American corporation is not.

Svetlana: Who Needs Her?

TWENTY LETTERS TO A FRIEND. *By Svetlana Alliluyeva. Translated by Priscilla Johnson McMillan. Harper & Row. 246 pp. $5.95.*

ALEXANDER WERTH

I am glad Harper & Row haven't quite lost their sense of proportion the way the English publishers of this book have; these quote somebody as saying that "this is a unique masterpiece" and that "all past histories of Russia will have to be rewritten in the light of this book." They go further:

> As a writer, Svetlana Alliluyeva has already been ranked with Turgenev, Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Pasternak.

As Rebecca West aptly inquires in the London *Sunday Telegraph*—"ranked by whom?" while the *Times Literary Supplement* comments with superb irony: "And why not also with Homer, Dante and Shakespeare for good measure?" I was in London during the weekend when all the papers were teeming with reviews of Svetlana. The reviewers were obviously feeling uneasy; most of them suggested that Svetlana was a nice person but, unfortunately, her book didn't tell us very much about the things that mattered. Nearly everybody pointed out, with varying degrees of politeness, that the main theme of her book simply didn't hold water—namely, that Stalin wasn't such a bad man after all, and that if he did so many terrible things, it was because he had fallen under the fiendish influence of Beria.

The trouble, of course, is that not only some but *most* of the worst atrocities of the Stalin regime happened *before* Beria had become NKVD chief in Moscow. There had been forced labor camps almost since the beginning of the Soviet regime (Solovki concentration camp, White Sea Canal dug by slave labor, etc.); but the real "Stalin terror" began in December, 1934, after the assassination of Kirov, Leningrad's party chief. There followed the famous "purge trials" of 1936-38. The peak of the terror was reached in 1937, after Stalin's shattering speech in March of that year when he declared that in the economic, government and party organizations, and at every level, even the highest, there were murderers, spies and foreign diversionists and saboteurs, and that these must be shown up and denounced. The NKVD under police chief Yezhov proceeded to extract "confessions" from hundreds of thousands of people, and to encourage anyone anxious to save his own skin to denounce the fellow next to him. This period has come to be known in Russia as the *Yezhovshchina*; as the word indicates, the police chief then was Yezhov.

Even after thirty years, the *Yezhovshchina* remains to every Russian the most horrible and degrading period of all the fifty years of the Soviet regime. The fact is that the replacement of Yezhov by Beria in 1938 was welcomed in Russia with a sigh of relief, all the more so since Beria's primary job (as Victor Zorza of the *Guardian* points out) was to "purge the purgers" and, in the first place, Yezhov himself. As we know from remarkable recent documentary books like Evgenia Ginzburg's, many of the NKVD torturers who had been so active under Yezhov were, indeed, to be liquidated under his successor. An even more remarkable book on the *Yezhovshchina*, is *The Deserted House* by Lydia Chukovskaya. The most odious character in it is a hunchback, the Public Prosecutor. When, in Moscow, I asked Chukovskaya whether he was a real person, she said that he was and that he was shot in 1938, about the same time as Yezhov was. Chukovskaya has very strong feelings about it even to this day, since her husband, an eminent Leningrad scientist, had been shot by Yezhov as an "enemy of the people."

It is fairly clear what happened; under Yezhov, the terror (though wholly approved by Stalin) had reached such proportions that it was threatening to disorganize the whole country, and at least a partial halt had to be called. Some people were even let out in 1938-39, and the idea was skillfully put across that Yezhov had gone "giddy with success" and had greatly exceeded the powers the good and wise Stalin had given him.

Svetlana not only makes Beria the number one villain of the Stalin regime but she makes him, in fact, the *only* villain: "A good deal that this monster did is now a blot on my father's name." There were, in Stalin's entourage, many people quite as bad as Beria, notably Svetlana's second father-in-law, Andrei

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zhdanov, the abominable Grand Inquisitor in the field of literature, art, music and philosophy; but all she has to say about him is that Stalin liked him very much.

The book is a continuous, though totally unconvincing, apologia of Stalin. O.K., he loved his wife, Nadya Alliluyeva, unwisely but too well, and finally drove her to suicide; he also "tenderly loved" his daughter Svetlana, at least until the day she started a love affair with Alexei Kapler, the documentary film man. What she says is that she only "kissed" Kapler; Stalin, when he slapped her face, used a much blunter and cruder word to describe their relations.

Svetlana had such a stormy love life that she does not seem to remember when all these great events happened. She tells us that the great "kissing affair" with Kapler took place in 1943; but I had already heard all about it in 1942. Some of the Moscow correspondents invited to lunch one day in the summer of 1942 several eminent Soviet film directors—Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Karmen, and also young Kapler. I remember Eisenstein whispering in my ear: "He's a pretty gay dog, Kapler; he has now, believe it or not started on Stalin's daughter!" And then, a few months later, I learned that Kapler had, indeed, been deported as a result of his great friendship with Svetlana! This famous lunch is described in my Moscow diary entry for August 24, 1942, and included in my book, *The Year of Stalingrad.*

Now that everybody in the world has read most of Svetlana's book, is it really necessary to describe it in detail? I shall just mention a few points: the deportation or execution of practically all members of the Svanidze and Alliluyev families (these are the names of Stalin's first and second wife)—all, of course, through the fault of Beria, even though some of them desperately appealed to Stalin himself to be merciful; but it was no good.

Svetlana also examines the probable reasons for her mother's suicide; but adds precisely nothing to Isaac Deutscher's much more careful and thorough analysis of that grim episode. Of all the important people she met (apart from Beria) she has absolutely nothing to say —scarcely a word on Molotov, Khrushchev, Kaganovich, Zhdanov, Mikoyan, Bulganin and the rest. All she says is that they came to dinner with Stalin, but "I found it dull and exhausting to sit three or four hours at the table listening to the same old stories, as if there were no news and nothing whatever going on in the world. It made me dead tired and I would go off to bed."

After which she adds a footnote: "Milovan Djilas has given a good description of evenings of this kind." There is, of course, a certain element of fiction and of Yugoslav ax grinding in Djilas' *Conversations with Stalin,* but to say that Stalin's conversations were "dull and exhausting" and had nothing to do with "what was going on in the world" is simply nonsense; whether quite accurately reported or not. Stalin still had some extremely interesting things to say to Djilas on Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Albania, Germany, the United States, and practically every other country in the world.

The most piquant touch, now that she is safely in the United States, is the conclusion of one of the sections of the book:

> No matter how cruel and harsh our country may be . . . no one who loves Russia in his heart will ever betray her and give her up, or run away in search of material comfort.

To which she adds, now that the despised "material comfort" amounts to several million dollars, this footnote:

> Four years ago when I wrote this, it never crossed my mind that I would ever be capable of leaving Russia. At that time everybody lived in the hope that fundamental changes in the direction of real democracy might still take place.

No, really, this won't do. To Svetlana, the "cruelty and harshness" perfectly acceptable under Stalin and Khrushchev, suddenly became intolerable under that fiendish tyrant, Mr. Kosygin. He didn't kill off any of her family, but he did something far worse: he wouldn't allow her to marry her Indian—whose marital status was a bit doubtful, anyway. According to Martin Ebon's entertaining little paperback (*Svetlana,* Signet Books, 95c), Brijesh Singh already had a wife in India, from whom he was separated, but not legally divorced.

The real question asked both in Russia and in Western Europe is *what* the United States Government really needs Svetlana for, and what it wants her to do next. Perhaps to prove that the Soviet Union, under Kosygin, is just as bad as it was under Stalin? Yes, but then, according to Svetlana, Stalin would really have been quite a decent guy if only it hadn't been for Beria's terrible influence!

Letter from Prague

JOSEF SKVORECKY

Mr. Skvorecky is one of the group of distinguished Czech writers who are currently in official critical disfavor. He is a translator and novelist and was awarded a Czechoslovak writers' prize in 1966 for his translations from the English, among which are works by Hemingway, Faulkner, Henry James, Sinclair Lewis, Allan Sillitoe, William Styron, Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler. He is the author of the novel The Cowards, *bitterly attacked by critics and strongly defended by readers at the time of its publication in 1958. It will be published in English translation by Grove Press. Mr. Skvorecky has written on widely differing subjects. In this article he has limited his observations to Czech fiction.*

In my conversations with Americans about Czech literature, they usually come up with two names: *The Good Soldier, Schweik*—whom they consider (perhaps they are right) a typical example of the Czech national character —and Karel Capek, the author of *War with the Newts* and *R.U.R.,* whose invented word "robot" has even gotten into Webster's dictionary. The best-informed have also heard of Jaroslav Hasek, but they do not always identify him as the creator of *The Good Soldier.*

On the other hand, an American in Prague, upon encountering a native intellectual of at least average orientation in the humanities, will not have any difficulties in discussing Updike, Bellow, Salinger, Capote or Philip Roth. This is not necessarily proof of the greater depth or breadth of Czech culture; it is simply a sign of the advantages and disadvantages of a "small" nation—its language and its literature. Music has its international language of staves, bars and notes; human eyes are all you need for the perception of a painting; to understand a film, you just need titles, no matter how mechanically translated. And besides, communication is facilitated thanks to all the international film festivals. But if the "big" world is to become acquainted with a "small" literature, it must be translated into a "big" language, or remain unknown. And if the translation is only a mechanical one, it becomes a shadow of itself, and a frequently unrecognizable one at that.

While nobody in the world still thinks that Czech motion pictures are concerned with the dramatization of production quotas and the settlement of problems of conjugal infidelity before party meetings, very little is known about Czech fiction. The image of its drab Socialist-realist technique remains fixed.

In truth, Czech fiction was never as

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

colorless as the world at large thought. It was even colorful in the fifties—but it wasn't being published. It was read, aloud, in private gatherings, frequented by people like the poet, Jirí Kolár, who had been in trouble at one time for lines of verse that didn't appeal to some highly placed dogmatist, and Jindrich Chalupecky, literary and art theoretician of the *avant-garde*. The company included, among others, the late Jan Rychlík, jazz man, modern composer of serious music, translator of Ring Lardner, Sr., a charming man with a Swiftian gift of sarcasm; then there was a quiet and cultured writer of fiction, Zdenek Urbánek, author of a new translator's interpretation of Shakespeare; rationalist psychiatrist and science-fiction writer, Josef Nesvadba; beer-drinking Bohumil Hrabal, and occasionally the shy, extremely pretty young student of art history, Vera Linhartová.

Today, fortunately, they are published. Vera Linhartová's name is already known in Europe's *avant-garde* circles. She writes complex philosophical fiction; one may be a story about the birth of stories, where she will introduce a fictional character into a fictional plot and then appear to discuss with the reader the further possibilities of the plot line and its importance; sometimes it is a story about words; in every case, they are difficult bits of prose, and yet they are read by many people. Perhaps it is because they always contain the charm of the Idea forever striving earnestly to understand itself, sometimes lost in the tangle of a multiplicity of meanings. But her work always seems—at least to me—to trace, with words, the slightly enigmatic outline of the author herself—a maiden from the depths of the fifties, who later—like a heroine of a Gothic epic—spent years in the Gothic castle at Hluboká in Southern Bohemia, collecting for the castle art gallery, an incomparable group of Czech surrealist paintings.

I actually met Bohumil Hrabal long before I saw him at Kolár's, at a scrap-paper collection center. He was dressed in worn overalls, weighing the daily press and paying out pennies to the little old ladies who fished the newspapers out of sidewalk trash cans and sold them as scrap paper. Hrabal is the most American of Czech authors—if we consider the background of a jack-of-all-trades to be typically American: he has been a traveling salesman, a steelworker, a journeyman, a stagehand, and now a writer. He, like Vera Linhartová, is an offspring of surrealism; but while she was more influenced by the guitars in Braque's still lifes, Hrabal listened to the folk voices in old Prague's medieval beer halls, the same voices that Jaroslav Hasek used to listen to half a century earlier, and that—somewhere else entirely—told Mark Twain the story of the Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County. With an essentially lyric talent, Hrabal connects surrealism and common speech, in a manner that cannot be compared with anything in Czech contemporary fiction. In New York, he is known for the film adaptation of his novelette, *Closely Watched Trains*, to be published soon by Grove Press.

Czechoslovakia's most serious contender in the science fiction field, Josef Nesvadba (his story, "Vampires Ltd." is to be filmed in the United States) is easily on a par with Isaac Asimov or that excellent Polish science-fiction writer, Stanislav Lem. There are no BEMs in his stories, but instead there is a sufficiency of highly intellectual subject matter.

But there are people, such as Ladislav Fuks, who entered contemporary fiction through other doors than that of Kolár's garret room. Fuks's tales have the atmosphere of the Gothic, without its lack of reality; perhaps this is because—to paraphrase Poe—his horror is not from the soul but from Germany. The novel *Mister Theodore Mundstock* (to be published in the U.S.) tells the wartime story of a Jewish office worker who creates a sort of do-it-yourself concentration camp at home, to prepare himself for the suffering that awaits him in the real Nazi camp where he is expecting to be sent any day. Another phantasmagoric and beautifully written story, taking place in the shadow of the approaching war is "Variations for a Sombre String," a dialogue between a long-dead grandmother and a psychopathic youth. In the story, "The Man Who Burned Corpses," about the period of the German occupation, a humane and romantic crematory employee is transformed into a murdering monster.

Fuks's stories do have a tinge of the absurd, but the writer who really represents absurd fiction is Ivan Vyskocil, Ph.D., and graduate of the acting academy. I have spent many pleasant and humorous moments with him on the stage of one of Prague's little theatres called Paravan, where we used to hold what we called "text-appeals," a sort of literary vaudeville. Vyskocil delivered a memorable "lecture" in which he argued that Master Jan Hus (Czech religious reformer, burned at the stake in the early 15th century for refusing to recant his "heresies," his critique of the Church and the clergy) ought to have recanted for three reasons: he did not profit by allowing himself to be burned at the stake, the nation would have had him for a longer time, and the truth would have come out anyway! The first of Vyskocil's "texts" were pure cabaret art, but as they gradually gained intellectual meanings they came closer to the work of Beckett and Ionesco, mean-

Action or disaster?

Western Policy and the Third World

by Thomas Patrick Melady

The emerging nations of Africa and Asia constitute a third world power: non-white, unaligned, and no longer impressed with ill-conceived aid and Western paternalism.

Now a long-time observer of this Third World appraises past and present American, European, Soviet, Red Chinese, Israeli and Vatican efforts to "deal with" Africa and Asia. From an analysis of their few successes and frequent failures, he proposes the bold new policies necessary to avert the disastrous racial confrontation already on the horizon.

$6.95 at all bookstores

Already published in the *Revolution of Color* series: *The Revolution of Color* by Thomas Patrick Melady. *Tanzania:* Young Nation in a Hurry by Alexander MacDonald. *Rhodesia:* Background to Conflict by B. Vumindiela Mtshali. $5.95 each.

from HAWTHORN Books

70 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10011

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANTIOCH the REVIEW

WATTS WRITES!

in the Fall ANTIOCH REVIEW

Voices of the black ghetto heard in selections from the Watts Writers Project organized by Budd Schulberg.

published quarterly by
THE ANTIOCH PRESS
Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387

VIETNAM FOLLY

by Ernest Gruening and Herbert W. Beaser

The Senator from Alaska and his able co-author have written a keen historical exposition to fill the gap in current Vietnam literature. The style is unique. Despite the unhappy nature of the subject the book reads like an adventure story of political intrigue. With shattering directness Gruening and Beaser trace the events, both careless and cunning, that have brought the United States to the brink of disaster in South-East Asia.

Neither parties nor personalities are spared. Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, and especially Johnson, Secretaries Acheson, Dulles, Rusk, and especially McNamara, each played his role and each is made to bear his burden of responsibility.

A comprehensive appendix includes pertinent documents essential to students and historians.

This book will be remembered as among the most courageous ever written by a politician-in-office. Senator Gruening is a brave and forthright man.

600 pages, Clothbound, $8.95

From Your Bookstore or
Direct From Publisher.

The National Press Inc.
128 C St. NE
Washington, D.C. 20002

Send — copies of Vietnam Folly at $8.95.

My check is enclosed.

Name ----------

Street ----------

City ---------- State ---------- Zip.----

while never losing their vaudeville touch.

An entirely different matter is Vladimír Páral. In the three short novels that he has published to date, he dissects that strange type of human being that is born of a technical civilization: a creature suffering emotional anemia, living a peculiarly dull life, without any particular significance and almost approaching the standard of insects. This is done by the dissociation of the sentence to smaller linguistic units and the dissociation of epic action to fragments of thoughts and pseudo-thoughts in a montage of surprising burlesque. Páral is a chemical engineer, he admires Günther Grass and enjoys reading Ian Fleming. But he imitates nothing but life.

Páral's work is full of the irony and sarcasm that is also the mark of the sophisticated fiction of Milan Kundera. Kundera is, by profession, a professor of world literature at the Film Academy in Prague, an institution that is famous today for a number of its graduates. He has to his credit a collection of erotic poetry that was one of the first harbingers of immorality amid the chaste fifties; a theoretical book on an outstanding prewar Czech prose writer, Vladislav Vancura; the play *The Owners of the Keys,* was produced on many European stages and in Canada as well; and two collections of "love" stories called *Ludicrous Loves,* a group of beautifully pointed anecdotes poking a bit of fun at women in the role of mistresses, but simultaneously suggesting larger moral problems. His most recent book is the delightful novel *The Joke,* the story of an enthusiastic student and Communist in the early fifties who—led by the fatal tendency to shock women—sent his girl friend a picture postcard with the inscription "Long Live Trotsky!" The joke brought long-lasting and shattering consequences, and the story of the joker ends with a bitter realization: for years he had survived by the conviction that "all would be made good and nothing forgotten," but in the end, he realizes that "nothing would be made good and everything forgotten."

The novel is written with a typically French charm. Kundera comes from a family with a long artistic tradition and is an admirer of *le mot juste.* Ludvík Vaculík, the author of another outstanding novel of last year, is Kundera's exact opposite, in everything but caliber: he comes from a rural proletarian family—during the depression his father was obliged to travel to Persia to make a living—and was himself an unskilled worker at the Bata concern in Zlin. After the liberation, he finished his studies and became a teacher in a reform school, a radio reporter, an editor on the staff of *Literarni noviny,* and finally a writer. His novel *The Axe* is outstanding for its language—unfortunately, so difficult to transpose into another tongue—and for its wild rapacity of thought, the unsentimental aggressiveness of man disappointed, man defending himself with the only weapon of the disappointed—art. Vaculík's language is a delightful alloy of correct, literary Czech, interspersed by Wallachian dialect and spiced with original metaphors, rooted both in poetic fantasy and in the fantasy of folk sayings. The tension proceeds from the conflict between the son, a young newspaper man, and his father, a militant rural Communist, who was defeated in the fight for the assertion of socialism, not so much by the class enemy as by the mechanical indifference of dehumanized bureaucracy: that bane of all modern societies. Vaculík is obviously a moral idealist; he looks on the phenomena accompanying Western life with distaste: mass culture, television mania, pop music. When he sees the mountain village decorated with TV antennas, he sighs to himself, "what a strange, unknown, sated poverty!" It is possible to disagree with him on every other page, but it is impossible to deny the power of his vision, the passion of his struggle with problems—much like Bellow's *Herzog.* Vaculík's hero also returns, at the conclusion of the novel, to something of a quiet corner, away from the civilized chaos of cities; as he says, to "the original clear vision." For that matter, *The Axe* is just a little bit the *Herzog* of socialism.

Alena Vostrá has written plays and short stories, but it is her novel *The Tepid Wave* I want to discuss. It is a jigsaw puzzle of scenes from a single week in the life of a young hairdresser, showing her making her way from day to day, pursued and bothered by men, misunderstood by her sweetheart, and tortured by worries about her grandfather. Though the book does not aim toward any denouement but into another, apparently identical week, the reader emerges a bit changed by the artistic experience he has encountered. Once again it is above all a matter of language: Mrs. Vostrá has a remarkable ear for the cadence of speech. For example, she has a delightfully gabby little girl weaving in and out of the story, a charming bespectacled *enfant terrible* of the Czech language; and she plays her dialogues like a game—the game that is played everywhere and all the time between man and woman—one that occasionally reverts to drama or even tragedy.

All told, the picture that I have presented of the literature of Socialist Czechoslovakia is, I hope, entirely different from the expected view. Perhaps it may seem that—as other reports were full of official optimism—my sketch

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shows too much somberness, a disproportionate amount of skepticism. But even the ancient Greeks knew of the restorative power of the somber note, and of tragedy, when used by an artist. For literature, neither optimism nor pessimism is crucial; only literature that is truly art can help achieve anything else.

Mystical Candor

BASIC MOVEMENTS. *By Arthur Gregor. The Gyre Press. 60 pp. $2.75.*

HAYDEN CARRUTH

Mr. Carruth is a poet, novelist and critic. His most recent book is a study of Camus, After the Stranger *(Macmillan).*

Like other peoples who have lived in times of general calamity, we have become accustomed to the kind of mysticism that proclaims itself in raucous and unintelligible, not to say psychedelic, terms. It is a well-recognized aspect of social deterioration. Consequently we are refreshed to find a mystical poet who still speaks to us about his experience with the assurance of candor and simplicity:

I see a firing squad,
you, a young sailor
tied at your wrists.
Churchbells are raging as if
all of the wind of the sea
had swept into steeples.

I see an entire city kneeling,
a girl throwing open a window
tossing you a rose.
The bullets, and you are swaying
as though tied to a mast
at sea in the wildest storm . . . .

In such terms Arthur Gregor invokes the Immanence behind the world's façade—the Prince, the Stranger, "you who opened the glass door." And in equally simple figures—trees, city streets, a concert hall—he praises the moments of his spiritual vision. Rare moments; and the poems do not always succeed, for what he is trying to write is the most difficult of all kinds of poetry. But his successes are moving and genuine.

Partly, Gregor's maturity is that of any poet who has written for twenty years, and who derives from the great tradition of the purposive imagination, roughly definable in reference to such poets as Stevens, Eluard, Gottfried Benn. For Gregor, metaphor remains all of poetry; psychedelic theory to the contrary notwithstanding, no direct re-creation of mystical intuition is possible. Hence most of his failures are poems in which he succumbs to the risk of metaphor and crosses over entirely into symbolism, the

Remedios Guanzon.
Father dead.
Mother Blind.

REMEDIOS GUANZON, FILIPINA, AGE 5. Father dead. TB. Mother blind. Earns a few pennies begging. Brother is a scavenger. Remedios guides blind mother's hands to spots on clothes that require particular scrubbing. Family lives in one small room. Must crawl through small opening to enter. Walls from material found at city dump. No facilities. Help to Remedios means help to entire family, medical care included.

Thousands of children as needy as Remedios anxiously await "adoption" by you or your group. Choose a boy or girl from Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador or Peru. Your child and his family receive a monthly cash grant, as well as counselling, medical care, blankets, household equipment, clothing—and primary school education. You receive a case history and photograph. Each month you write and receive a letter (original and translation). Learn how your "adoption" benefits the entire family. Soon, through the regular letters and progress reports, you and your child develop a warm, loving relationship.

CHECK YOUR CHARITY! We eagerly offer our financial statement upon request because we are so proud of the handling of our funds.

PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, approved by the United States Government, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development.

© Foster Parents Plan, Inc., 1967

Foster Parents Plan, Inc.
352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010—Founded 1937

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS
Steve Allen
Sen. Paul H. Douglas
Helen Hayes
Conrad N. Hilton
Sen. Jacob K. Javits
Sen. Robert F. Kennedy
Art Linkletter
Amb. & Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge
Garry Moore
Sen. William Proxmire
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Mr. & Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Gov. & Mrs. William W. Scranton
Sen. John G. Tower

FOSTER PARENTS PLAN, INC. N-11-67
352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010
In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex....., age....., nationality.....
I will pay $15 a month for one year or more ($180 per year). Payment will be monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), annually ( ).
I enclose herewith my first payment $.....
B. I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $.....

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Date _____ *Contributions are income tax deductible*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here, for the first time, is the astonishing, documented saga of one of the most desperate games of chance ever played by a head of state — Hitler's two-year gamble to win the war decisively before the United States entered the struggle.

The startling facts — gleaned from original documents in governmental archives here and abroad — have never before been completely revealed.

PRELUDE TO DOWNFALL

Hitler and the United States 1939-1941

By SAUL FRIEDLÄNDER

Translated by Aline B. and Alexander Werth

$6.95 • now at better bookstores

ALFRED·A·KNOPF

The Nation

BOOK SERVICE

Offers the following at a discount:

☐ **AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BERTRAND RUSSELL,** 1872-1914 (Little, Brown & Co., $7.95) $6.35

☐ **FAMINE** 1975! America's Decision: Who Will Survive? by William and Paul Paddock (Little, Brown, & Co., $6.50) $5.20

☐ **THE FREE WORLD COLOSSUS:** A critique of American Foreign Policy in the Cold War by David Horowitz (Hill & Wang, $6.95) $5.55

☐ **THE GOODBYE LAND** by Jose Yglesias (Pantheon, $4.95) $3.95

☐ **PRISON NOTES** by Barbara Deming (Grossman, $4.95) $3.95

☐ **THE PSYCHOLOGY OF POWER** by Ronald Sampson (Pantheon, $4.95) .. $3.95

☐ **THE NEW RADICALISM** by Christopher Lasch (Knopf, $6.95) $5.55

Remittance accompanying orders should be made payable to THE NATION, 333 6th Ave., N.Y. 10014

☐ **Payment enclosed** ☐ **Bill me**

Readers can avail themselves of our **regular** offer to send them any book (except paperbacks), published in the U.S. at the retail price post-free. When ordering, please give title, author and publisher.

11-6-67

manipulation of "objective correlatives," while his successes are poems in which he lets his objects speak for themselves. Or perhaps we should say, more accurately, that his successes come from the times when his dream, his vision, has presented itself in sufficiently concrete terms. Given the abstractness of the human mind, such occasions are bound to be rare.

Partly, however, Gregors' maturity, which is also his modernity, is a question of his particular mystical point of view. Speaking bluntly, far more bluntly than the poet himself would condone, if a God exists He must be a sorrowful God, not merely because He is aware of the pain of the world but because He is an expression of it, His root is in our suffering. Paradoxically, only in the bliss of heaven could a thoroughgoing atheistic materialist sustain himself. This Gregor knows, and he writes, in a poem addressing his own consciousness as it first moves toward transcendent awareness:

What you must know before
you enter this domain
and learn the ways of which
we shall not speak is this
first truth of what you are:
a sorrow, a sorrow
begging for home. Or you
would not have come so far.

Of course most of us—95 per cent, I imagine—cannot live in Gregor's world. Not that we are materialists in the old sense; but in spite of calamity we remain secularists and existentialists, believing that the meaning of reality lies, not behind a veil of objective chaos, but within our own breasts. Yet having said this we must add two further points.

First, we are exactly the ones who are the most faithful readers of poets like Gregor. For one thing, we are always seeking an outlet—an acceptable outlet—for our own unquestionable religious feelings; and for another, in our determined reasonableness we cannot choose to deny ourselves the advantage—the emotional service, so to speak—of mystical beauty. Hence we are the best, most persistent readers of Yeats, for instance, although we are easily annoyed by the vulgar elements of his occultism. In Gregor we have a lesser poet; but we also have one who abstains from the crudities of the Rosy Cross in favor of a base in the broad and pristine, but no less knowledgeable, tradition of overt neo-Platonism.

Second, we cannot fail to be impressed by the staying power, not only of this tradition but of the individual poets within it. In contrast to the sensualists and eroticists and naturalists, they age beautifully, vigorous to the end. Whereas the sensualist's insight merely closes in on him, inevitably, leaving him with only bombast as his senses wane but his artistic technique matures, the Platonist's insight is, in Gregor's words, "without horizons," i.e., unpredictable and expansible; its source is everywhere. In twenty years Gregor has produced only three small books. But very probably he is just now hitting his stride, beginning to find the means to accommodate any experience to the particular demands of his vision. What will his progress be? Through the next twenty years, at all events, many of us will watch it with special interest.

The Depression Made Lively

INFIDEL IN THE TEMPLE. *By Matthew Josephson. Alfred A. Knopf. 526 pp. $8.95.*

ROBERT WOHLFORTH

Mr. Wohlforth is a publishing executive with wide experience in various New Deal agencies.

The decade ushered in by the Black Thursday stock market crash in October, 1929, saw more far-reaching upheavals in American political, financial and intellectual life than any before or since. The labels pinned on the principal movements and prominent individuals of that era are still familiar, even to the younger generation. Businessmen and bankers changed overnight into "greedy operators" or "malefactors of great wealth," and were considered wholly devoid of social vision or awareness. Politicians in power who had proved fainthearted in crisis became "impractical visionaries," without realizable objectives. Writers and intellectuals bore the label "Red" or at best "Fellow Traveler." Scholars and teachers were also suspect; they had never met a payroll and obviously their heads must be in the clouds.

It was difficult to escape these categories in the depression decade and since then many writers have employed such labels as the revealed truth about those times. Most of the books written about the thirties appear in retrospect to come from panic-stricken apologists or guilt-ridden apostates. Matthew Josephson's *Infidel in the Temple* is far from falling into either category. For one thing he was at once a participant in and a close observer of the events and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

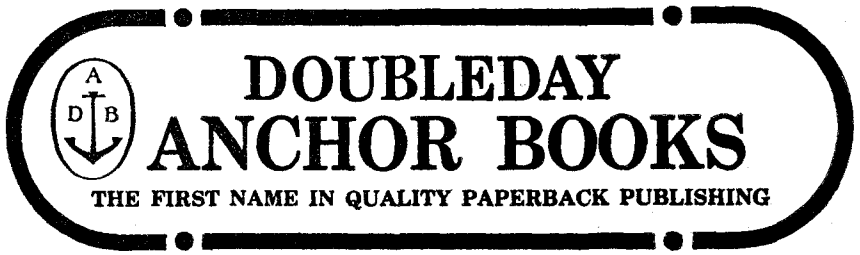
movements about which he writes. He was a politically committed man of the Left—until his later disillusionment. Because of his background, both literary and business, he was also a man with special talents and experience for viewing important business, political and government events of the depression. By the thirties Josephson was already a writer of considerable historical-literary skill, who had seen service in a Wall Street brokerage firm and had spent some years with the post-World War I expatriates in Paris.

Despite his Wall Street experience he managed to lose about 80 per cent of his small family holdings in the 1931 stock market. The first sight of hunger marchers parading past his New York apartment struck with such force that he gave up writing belles-lettres (he had just finished his second notable biography, *Jean-Jacques Rousseau*) and turned wholly to journalism. First on *The New Republic* and later with *The New Yorker* and *The Saturday Evening Post* he wrote of the burning moral issues confronting everyone in the 1930s: war, poverty, labor conditions, the ethics of Wall Street, government controls, individual freedom.

Now in *Infidel in the Temple* he recounts his personal and journalistic experiences of those exciting days. His vivid pictures of public want at the beginning of the depression are most moving. His description of the general feeling of helplessness on the part of the Hoover administration and of business leaders to do anything about it rings shockingly true. He tells of the growing interest of his *New Republic* confreres in left-wing palliatives for the economic crisis. He was in the center of things, rubbing elbows with and interviewing progressive government officials, among them Sen. Robert M. La Follette, Jr., Jerome Frank of the Agriculture Department, Justice Felix Frankfurter, Secretary Harold Ickes and many others. He knew British Socialist Harold Laski, labor leader Sidney Hillman and eccentric economic planner Harold Scott, inventor of "Technocracy." During that time, Josephson wrote about such financial personalities of the thirties as Bernard E. Smith, famous for his short-selling feats on the stock market at a time when all Wall Street was singing about an upturn in prices. He wrote of Norman Thomas in 1932 and the reasons for the failure of the American Socialist Party to play an important part in depression political events. His profile on the American Communist Party for *The New Yorker*, "The Red House," was hailed as a classic.

As the depression deepened, the involvement of writers and intellectuals in political events and left-wing projects increased. In this memoir, Josephson writes about these happenings with great candor. The exploits of his friends and associates who became ardent leftists, and their burning enthusiasm for the "new" communism, American style, makes delightful reading today. Most of the people about whom he now writes are today as far to the right as they were to the left decades ago. Josephson spares none of them, nor himself, in writing about the radicals and fellow travelers he knew so well. Something of a letdown is the realization that all of the political hoopla of the leftists and Communists in the depths of the depression was a rather mild political exercise. For example, the Communist political platform of 1932, which enlisted such great support from writers and intellectuals all over the country, called for social reform measures, all of which, with one exception, were enacted into law within the next five years.

Upon returning from an extended visit to Russia and Spain in 1933, Josephson spent a great deal of time in Washington writing about the New Deal and New Dealers. He re-creates the crusading atmosphere and spirit of that time remarkably well and records with a clear eye the successes and failures of the Roosevelt administration. The folklore of the early efforts of the New

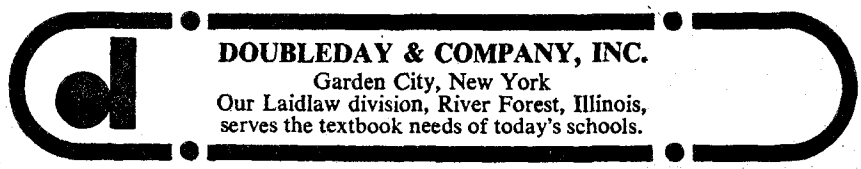


AMERICAN STRATEGY
A New Perspective
Urs Schwarz; preface by Henry A. Kissinger
A concise, comprehensive analysis of the changes since 1945 in the relationship between military planning and foreign policy, tracing the development of politico-military thinking in the United States.
95¢

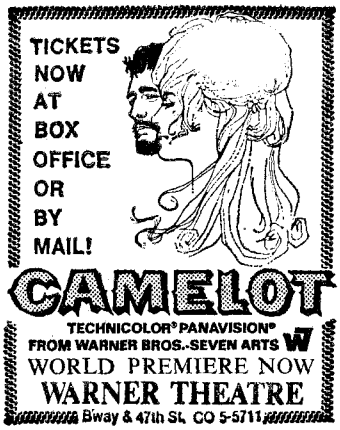
MARX IN THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY
Gajo Petrović
One of Yugoslavia's leading contemporary philosophers offers a fresh and lively reinterpretation of Marx as a philosopher, in the light of modern developments that Marx could not have foreseen.
An Anchor Original. $1.25

TAMING MEGALOPOLIS
Edited by H. Wentworth Eldredge
More than sixty experts from many disciplines delineate what the city is now, what it might be, and how it is to be managed – a unified yet many-pronged approach to the complex process of building an urban society of style and quality.
An Anchor Original.
Volume I: What Is and What Could Be, $2.45
Volume II: How to Manage an Urbanized World, $2.45

ANTIWORLDS AND "THE FIFTH ACE"
Andrei Voznesensky; edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward
A bilingual edition, including eight new poems, with English versions on facing pages by W. H. Auden, Jean Garrigue, Stanley Kunitz, Stanley Moss, William Jay Smith, and Richard Wilbur.
$1.95


DOUBLEDAY & COMPANY, INC.
Garden City, New York
Our Laidlaw division, River Forest, Illinois,
serves the textbook needs of today's schools.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WRITERS

N. Y. publisher wants books on all subjects, fiction, nonfiction. No fee for professional opinion. FREE: Brochures that show how your book can be published, publicized, sold; contracts. Write Dept. 147K

EXPOSITION PRESS INC.
386 Park Ave. So., New York, N. Y. 10016

Just Published

How 88,648 Heavy Smokers Stopped Smoking

NEW YORK—The Anti-Tobacco Center of America has just published a booklet which explains how 88,648 heavy smokers (of whom many are physicians) have stopped smoking without straining their will power. This booklet is available free of charge to smokers. All you need to do, to obtain it, is to send your name and address to The Anti-Tobacco Center of America, Dept. A-31-N 366 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York. This offer is open while the supply of these booklets lasts.

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION 11-6-67
333 Sixth Ave., New York 10014

☐ One Year, $10
☐ Two Years, $18
☐ 6 Months, $6

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign and Canadian Postage $1 a year extra)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....Zip No.....

Dealers to end the depression with the National Recovery Act (NRA) and Gen. Hugh L. ("Ironpants") Johnson's efforts to administer it are slightly incredible and very amusing. No one who wishes to understand the New Deal and what it thought it stood for should miss Josephson's chapters on "The Liberals Plowed Under" and his comments on Roosevelt's attempts to "Save Capitalism."

"Art Under the New Deal" and "The Labor Movement Unbound" are marvelous reporting: clear, concise accounts on significant phases of the Roosevelt administration. So are his detailed accounts of encounters with such diverse personalities as Huey Long in New Orleans and Hemingway in Key West. These sections of his book, along with "The Lost Ones of Hollywood," are written with great insight. Here the art of the personal memoir and informal history come together and the result is candid, hilarious and highly instructive.

In the concluding sections of his book Josephson writes of the change in his political thinking and in the thinking of his friends. After the 1937 Soviet purge trials and the Nazi-Soviet Pact in 1939, personal political alignments changed drastically and long-time friendships were ended as the oncoming war was sensed in greater or lesser degree. Josephson was again in the thick of national events as World War II neared and he became active in magazine writing once more. Perhaps we can look forward to his further memoirs and observations on the war years and beyond. But he will have difficulty surpassing this comprehensive, compassionate and revealing account of a trying but exciting American epoch.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* (at the Alvin) is *Waiting for Godot* rewritten by a university wit. Based on a nice conceit, it is epigrammatically literate, intelligent, theatrically clever. It marks a scintillating debut for its author.

An English drama critic was skeptical of its success in America because to appreciate it one had to be familiar with *Hamlet*! We may now reassure that critic as to our familiarity with *Hamlet* since Stoppard's play is a Broadway hit and our reviewers, to judge by the ads, have called it "a superb play," "very brilliant, very chilling," etc., etc.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are two ordinary youths called to the court of Elsinore to detect what it is that troubles the young Prince. They haven't the faintest idea of the tragedy into the midst of which they have been thrust. They do as they are bid and for their pains meet with sudden death.

This is a parable of little Everyman. We are thrown into a world in which events of great moment apparently take place, have only an inkling of our role in them and in one way or another we are their victims.

As bits of *Hamlet* are enacted in swift and dim outline, the dilemma of poor Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—confused even as to their own names or identities, though one is supposed to be smarter than the other—is immediately clear, and the intellectual pattern of the play is firmly set.

At the outset, all R. & G. know is that "we were sent for." They can't believe that they were "picked out simply to be abandoned, left to find [their] way." Wistfully Guildenstern says: "We are entitled to some direction," and later: "What a fine persecution to be kept intrigued without ever quite being enlightened."

There are jokes about the theatre and amusing cracks about Hamlet himself, who is described as being "stark raving sane." The best of these occurs when Rosencrantz decides what he ought to say to Hamlet, "To sum up: your father whom you love dies, you are his heir, you come back to find that hardly was the corpse cold before his young brother popped on to his throne and under his sheets. . . . Now why are you behaving in this extraordinary manner?"

All this entertaining stuff leads on to the play's profounder purpose, which is to declare that with life, "Wheels have been set in motion, and they have their own pace to which we are condemned." There is no true answer. "Uncertainty is the normal state." "But what are we suppose to *do*?" The answer is "Relax. Respond. We only know what we're told. And for all we know it isn't even true." The only certainty is death. "The bad end unhappily, the good unluckily."

The quips sparkle, the portentous reflections are neatly phrased. The play is civilized pastime, which is certainly as unusual as it is agreeable, and we are duly grateful. But we need not take the play's "deeper significance" too seriously; it is not thought but student chatter on a brightly dignified level.

I take Samuel Beckett seriously whether or not I think as he does (and I do not) because, for all *his* jokes, there is passion in his plays. But beyond this, I feel bound to submit a subjective comment: I am fed up with the reiteration of life's futility on the ground that we struggle, suffer and die without ever

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

understanding "the meaning of it all." The contemplation of life in the purview of death has produced great art in the past but, generally speaking, I am in accord with Spinoza who thought that the wise man should not be concerned primarily with death. For me, life is enough.

But I *am* taking Tom Stoppard's play too seriously. It is a first-rate spoof and a superior show. Admirably produced under Derek Goldby's direction and scenically handsome, it is generally well acted. I preferred Brian Murray's Rosencrantz to John Wood's Guildenstern, though both are good enough. They might be even better if there was somewhat more genuine naïveté in their ingenuousness. I found Paul Hecht's Player — though American — more impressive than the one I saw in London at the British National Theatre.

Stephen Levi's *Daphne in Cottage D* (Longacre Theatre) is, to put it mildly, so slight a play that it hardly merits notice except for the presence in the cast of Sandy Dennis. The text itself is ever so cute for the first three-quarters of the short evening, and maudlin sentimentally for the last.

There is this to say about Miss Dennis: she is a quite fetching and talented young actress, and though she has fine sensibilities and *listens* remarkably well, she has a way of breathlessly repeating each phrase she utters and crippling sentences with hesitations.

If this is a trick she must henceforth abandon it; if it is natural to her she must overcome it. (It *was* effective the first two or three times.) My advice is for her to begin playing character parts: articulate persons unafflicted by verbal paralysis.

Terence Frisby's *There's A Girl in My Soup* (The Music Box), another London hit, is the kind of light comedy that has been popular in all the capitalist capitals of the world ever since any living reviewer has been going to the theatre. It begins with some cheesy ribaldry and its third act is almost wholly redundant, but it is pleasantly acted by Gig Young, and even better by Jon Pertwee and Gawn Grainger—though, to be fair, Mr. Pertwee has most of the slick-suave English gentleman's lines and Mr. Grainger, as a part-time linoleum layer and jazz drummer, is provided with a coat of cockney color.

The evening's prize, however, goes to Barbara Ferris. Some of the things she is given to say may indicate that the playwright has an eye and an ear for London's new "birds": saucily disillusioned, crackbrained and perceptive, tough and tender, undisciplined and straight shooting, the lost who shall be found. But I suspect that my impression of the part is due chiefly to Miss Ferris' charm and total fitness for it. Without being conventionally pretty — though even in this respect she will do—she is wholly winning by being replete with her own delightful character.

Ida Kaminska, artistic director and leading player of The Jewish State Theatre of Poland, well remembered from the Czech film *The Shop on Main Street*, is now appearing for a limited time in Jacob Gordin's *Mirele Efros*, a "classic" of the Yiddish theatre of the late 19th century and in Brecht's *Mother Courage*.

At this writing I have seen only the first of these, and I may find something further to say about the engagement when I have seen the second. All I need note at present is that people with intense theatrical curiosity or a nostalgic attachment to an old and all but deceased tradition might do well to visit the Billy Rose Theatre where Ida Kaminska and her company are still to be seen.

I may also have some comments to make on John Ford's *'Tis Pity She's A Whore* as produced in New Haven by the Yale School of Drama Repertory Theatre when I shall have seen others of their productions, which this season will include plays by Joseph Heller, Chekhov (*The Seagull*), Pirandello (*Enrico IV*) and Shakespeare (*Coriolanus*).

TELEVISION/ John Horn

The news about television news this season is the revamped format of the *Huntley-Brinkley Report*. Supplementing the two principals, a group of featured players — John Chancellor, Douglas Kiker, Jack Perkins and Sander Vanocur—will appear regularly on the half-hour show. This innovation will give the viewer some variety of faces to look at and has already stimulated brief dialogues among the N.B.C. correspondents, which have added to the fund of opinion aired on the program.

But the audience does not get more information under the new system. After all, half an hour is still half an hour, and presumably the program has always drawn on the entire resources of what *Time*, withdrawing its own claim, now concedes to be the largest news-gathering organization in the world. The men may be good reporters (I think they are) and

ARCHON BOOKS

publishers of scholarly works announce the reissuing of

AMBROSE BIERCE: A BIOGRAPHY

by Carey McWilliams $10.00

with a new introduction by author.

" . . . A man walks out of this book by Mr. McWilliams and the good biographer can accomplish no more." *New York Times*

AMERICAN LITERARY ANNUALS AND GIFT BOOKS, 1825-1865

by Ralph Thompson $7.00

Valuable Americana. The author describes the origins and character of American gift books and literary annuals and provides an annotated catalog.

Write for complete Catalog
Department A

Archon Books,
The Shoe String Press, Inc.
60 Connolly Parkway,
Hamden, Connecticut 06514

MOVIES THAT MATTER
for school, church, community
meaningful – timely – important
For free catalogue of 16mm feature films on
ETHICS • CIVIL RIGHTS • WAR • PEACE • SOCIAL ACTION
THE GREAT SOCIETY • ACADEMIC FREEDOM • POLITICS
write for: MOVIES THAT MATTER, Dept. N
Brandon Films, Inc. 221 W. 57 St. New York 10019

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS!

ALL change of address notices, orders for subscriptions and other correspondence, should be sent to:

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE

Your Choice of an Outstanding Book

- **AMERICA'S VIETNAM POLICY** *by Edward S. Herman and Richard B. DuBoff*
- **BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN** *by Carey McWilliams*
- **THE FBI NOBODY KNOWS** *by Fred J. Cook*
- **THE FERVENT YEARS** *by Harold Clurman*
- **FREE MEN AND FREE MARKETS** *by Robert Theobald*
- **THE NEW STUDENT LEFT** *edited by Mitchel Cohen and Dennis Hale*
- **RUSSIA AT WAR, 1941-1945** *by Alexander Werth*
- **THE WAR IN VIETNAM** *by the Staff of the Senate Republican Policy Committee.*

with each **NEW** subscription to

THE NATION

The NATION **333 Sixth Avenue** **New York, N.Y. 10014**

Herewith my order and payment for a NEW subscription to *The Nation.*

☐ 1 Year, $10 ☐ 2 Years, $18 ☐ 6 Months, $6

(Foreign and Canadian Postage: $1 per year extra)

Please check free book desired

☐ America's Vietnam Policy
☐ Brothers Under the Skin
☐ The FBI Nobody Knows
☐ The Fervent Years
☐ Free Men and Free Markets
☐ The New Student Left
☐ Russia at War
☐ The War in Vietnam

name .....

address .....

city ..... state ..... zip no.....

11-6-67

their faces are likely to prove a refreshing change, but their appearance promises less of what TV does best, not more.

Television is unbeatable when its cameras are focused on events, and the audience becomes, in the words of that remarkable old series, eyewitness to history. The medium is at its worst when the audience gets the news through the awkward filter of a man reading on-camera. This bastard form of visual radio is less efficient and more distracting than the original sound-only medium, and infinitely inferior to the quicker, deeper, and more subtly complex word pictures available in print. Yet television news consistently does its worst—having men read—because it is stuck on, and with, the star system.

News is a collection of individual reports, but on TV it is revealed oracularly by the anchor man— young Peter Jennings for A.B.C., reliable Walter Cronkite for C.B.S., brooding Chet Huntley and biting David Brinkley for N.B.C. This is the star system, which may have been good box office for Hollywood, but which leaves the audience for the evening roundups confused and unenlightened. In news the emphasis is, or should be, on content: the message is the message.

In addition to the dressing up of Huntley-Brinkley, an indication that television does not really believe in news is the opening billboard of correspondents and date lines that now embellishes the Cronkite evening program. This showcasing of reporters' names and their places of assignment, both orally and on the screen, inadvertently announces that the news to follow is not of first importance. If it were, scant time wouldn't be so wasted.

Still another example of how the medium downgrades the news, and the most corrupting, is the commercial. The ridiculous claims made for cigarette filters and patent medicines for the relief of arthritis, headaches, pains, tension, upset stomach and bad breath snap viewers from the world of reality into the world of fantasy with traumatic effect. Newscasters apparently retain their equanimity by not watching the commercials, but how can anyone believe what he sees or hears after the TV barker has finished his pitch?

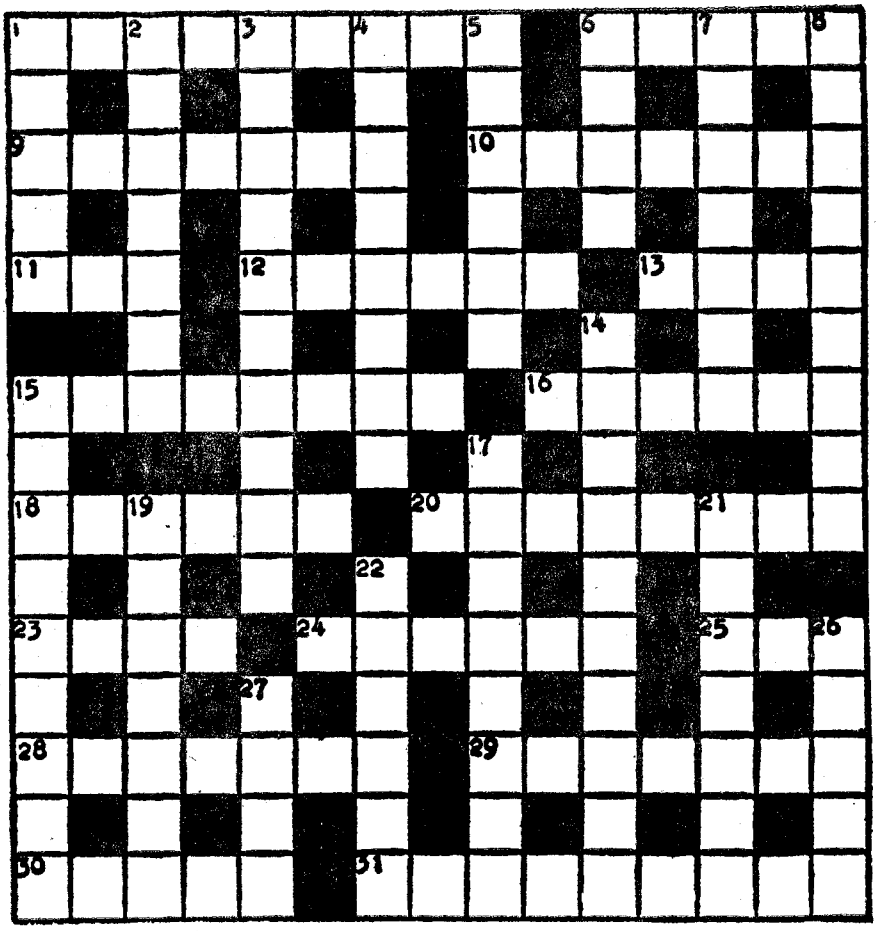
The additional cast on Huntley-Brinkley may be intended as a welcome diminution of the star system, but N.B.C. has gone the wrong way about it. Two men on-camera further cut into the supply of news direct from where it's happening.

I hope that someone, perhaps at a local station, will one day remember the old *March of Time* device of disembodied voice over scenes of news events and news makers, thus lifting the anchor that is the anchor man.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 1222

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 You can get to shoot me otherwise, if such things are to your taste. (9)
6 Restrained, but all set to catch something, by the sound of it. (5)
9 Might such shoes protect you, if you get the idea? (7)
10 A race with an unusual twist? (7)
11 and 13 What someone like Mr. Goldwyn does, taking pictures of boats? (7)
12 See 14 down
13 See 11 across
15 17 in the present form goes west, just for the fun of it. (8)
16 A certain amount of credit implied if you do make a military manoeuvre. (6)
18 Hats for suckers? (6)
20 Shape up for the first quarter? (8)
23 As of now not the brightest people? (4)
24 Society might take it in, as a reputedly pleasant spot. (6)
25 See 1 down
28 Sensing the way they fly in the navy in more than one sense? (7)
29 Verily; one doesn't lie this way! (2,5)
30 Unhappily, takes little notice in cunning.
31 See 14 down

DOWN:

1 and 25 across What people might record on with an attempt to make pictorial fabrication. (8)
2 The sort of pot I placed over the flower is best! (7)
3 An old suit, perhaps, that sometimes goes with my walking cane. (4-2-4)
4 One spots, possibly in a high plane. (8)
5 The French in regular football formation. (6)
6 One has to get them out of programs nowadays, though they might make for good listening. (4)
7 Certainly not a strong melodic line. (The source of construction isn't material.) (4,3)
8 Does his, in proper environment, leave one gaping? (9)
14, 31 and 12 across The beginning of digital computation? (4,6,3,4,2,6)
15 See 27 down
17 Reaching a stopping point. (8)
19 The circuit might occasionally have to be turned down. (7)
21 Charge with the office? (7)
22 Forgo something, or just turn it over to higher authority? (4,2)
26 One would have to be a brute! (5)
27 and 15 down Do beauty parlors seek to improve them? (4,9)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1221

ACROSS: 1 Light fixtures; 10 Cadence; 11 Nodding; 12 Spaceship; 13 Reeds; 14 Oblate; 16 Polonius; 19 Sinecure; 20 Persia; 22 Lodge; 23 Predating; 25 Flanges; 26 Tweeter; 27 Interlocutory. DOWN: 2 India; 3 Hanseatic League; 4 Fleshy; 5 Xenophon; 6 Under-cover agent; 7 Epidemics; 8 Scissors; 9 Egos; 15 Long-drawn; 17 Swaggers; 18 Proposal; 21 Hectic; 22 Life; 24 Inter.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG—beautiful designs for every age and taste. Special designing too. Address: **BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 2, Ohio.**

ART

WOULD YOU BELIEVE? EXCITING ORIGINAL woodcuts, etchings, lithos, **$4.50 each.** Subscription information: **Graphic Circle, (N), 68 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10011**

PUBLICATIONS

LEGALIZE ABORTION and every other victimless activity. **LEGALIZE LIBERTY, POB 24282, Los Angeles, California 90024**

"SELECTED POEMS" of GEORGE FLYNN (Villiers of London—$2.00) is "the most exciting American poetry since Ezra Pound." —James Turner. **Available in U.S. from the author at: 145 West 12 Street, New York City 10011.**

AMERICAN REFORM: THE AMBIGUOUS LEGACY. Provocative essays by Warren Susman, Marvin Gettleman, Frank Warren, David Herreshoff, Heyward Ehrlich, Jack Salzman, Fred Greenbaum, and Daniel Walden, editor. **$1.45. AMPERSAND PRESS, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387**

YOU SHOULD KNOW CANADA BETTER!

Read **CANADIAN DIMENSION**
Editor: C. W. Gonick

Leading forum of Canadian opinion.
Independent and lively.

Send $4.00 for a trial year's subscription—8 Big Issues

Write:
CANADIAN DIMENSION
P.O. Box 1413
Winnipeg 1, Manitoba, Canada

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.)**

ADVANCE PEACE, FREEDOM, HUMAN RIGHTS this Christmas by purchasing gifts from eleven Social Change Groups united in new mail order combo. Free Catalog. **COMMUNITY MARKET, RFD 3, Newaygo, Michigan 49337**

PERSONALS

NO MORE WOODEN NICKELS
HOFFA FOR PRESIDENT on 1¼" wood discs, also **WASH OUT WASHINGTON. Impeach Johnson,** recall war supporters; also on 6" wood rulers. **12/$1.—100/$5** (circulars, balloons, bumper strips, safety matches). **Plentyism, Box 115 Edison, Miami 33151**

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHT MACHINE. An escape into an exciting dimension. Assemble in hour with less than $10.00 of easily obtainable parts. Send $1 for instructions, drawing to: **CARLLTON CO., 2317 Delancey, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103**

SALASCAN WALL-HANGINGS — Tapestries hand-woven by the Salasacan Indians of the Andes. Moderately priced. (C.D. Project). Write: **ANDEAN, Box 472, Cuenca, Ecuador.**

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE
(Computerized Matching—All Ages)
"Let TEAM make you a team."
Write:
TEAM Project
245 East 30th Street
New York, N.Y. 10016, Phone 889-6020

Printed by Milford Publishing Inc., Milford, Conn.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which eighty leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that we are violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

ABE AJAY
JAMES BALDWIN
(FATHER) J. E. BAMBERGER, M.D., OCSO
DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.
REV. PHILLIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.
RAY BRADBURY
ROBERT McAFFEE BROWN
REV. WILLIAM H. DU BAY
JAMES FARMER
W. H. FERRY
DR. JEROME D. FRANK
REV. STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN
BEN GAZZARA
DR. FRED GOLDSTEIN
NAOMI L. GOLDSTEIN
DR. RALPH R. GREENSON
PROF. ABRAHAM J. HESCHEL
BRIG. GENERAL H. B. HESTER, RET.
DR. STANLEY HOFFMAN
TERESSA B. HOFFMAN
CHARLES H. HUBBEL
SANDER L. JOHNSON, ESQ.
PROF. DONALD KALISH
EDWARD M. KEATING
PHIL KERBY
RING LARDNER, JR.
RABBI RICHARD N. LEVY
LOUIS LICHT, ESQ.
DR. ROBERT E. LITMAN
VICTOR LUDWIG
HERBERT D. MAGIDSON
SHIRLEY MAGIDSON
NORMAN MAILER
THOMAS MERTON
SIDNEY MEYER
EASON MONROE
PROF. HANS J. MORGENTHAU
HENRY E. NILES
DR. MARK F. ORFIRER
AVA HELEN PAULING
DR. LINUS PAULING
BISHOP JAMES A. PIKE
RICHARD M. POWELL
CARL REINER
JANICE RULE
ROBERT RYAN
DAVID SCHOENBRUN
LORRY SHERMAN
PROF. ROBERT SIMMONS
DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK
FRED H. STEINMETZ, ESQ.
DR. NORMAN TABACHNICK
D. IAN THIERMANN
BRYNA IVENS UNTERMEYER
LOUIS UNTERMEYER
DICK VAN DYKE
ROBERT VAUGHN
DR. MAURICE N. WALSH
DR. HARVEY WHEELER
A. L. WIRIN, ESQ.

I wish to sign my name to the above Declaration to the United Nations and want to go on record with this Declaration of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence.

Sign, complete and mail to P.O. Box 69960, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069. The office of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence will then forward the information to the United Nations.

Should you also wish to support additional publishings and communications, send $1 or more in cash or by check made payable to Individuals Against the Crime of Silence. This donation entitles you to the lapel emblem and the wallet-sized registration card. Money is needed to speed our progress.

The strength of our numbers will regularly and effectively be made known. Your signature does have power.

Tear On The Dotted Line And Mail

YOUR SIGNATURE DOES HAVE POWER—IF YOU USE IT—50,000 ALREADY HAVE!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED